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The Week.

A DISCUSSION on the consular and diplomatic appropriation bill began the week in the Senate. It was as lively as any debate that has been had for a long time, Mr. Patterson, of New Hampshire, being very angry with Mr. Sumner. The matter in question was whether or not to pay \$12,500 annually to certain gentlemen for their services as judges and arbitrators under the treaty with Great Britain relative to the suppression of the slave-trade. The judges on our part reside, it appears, not at Sierra Leone, the Cape of Good Hope, and elsewhere in Africa, where they might be able to render some of the service for which they are paid, but here in New York and other cis-Atlantic towns and cities. Mr. Patterson moving that the appropriation for their salaries should cease, Mr. Sumner compared him to John Slidell of evil memory, and proceeded to eulogize the persons who had labored for the freedom of the negro and the destruction of the traffic in slaves. Mr. Patterson's resentment at being classified with negro-traders and slaveholders was very great, and as he has been a college professor he was able to give full and learned expression to his grievances. "Calling names," he said, "settles nothing. Why, sir, I might select a senator here and call him the most patient of animals with a parcel of books on his shoulders, deeming himself the national divinity; but that would not make him so." To do Mr. Sumner justice, he is never so consciously and deliberately insulting as this; it is his manner which is so trying to his fellow-senators. Then it is true, too, that the structure of his mind is a source of trouble to people of "business habits." The end of the matter, so far as the Senate is concerned, was that the President is to find out if Great Britain is willing to abolish the courts; and if so, we are to dispense with judges and appropriations together.

The Senate has passed, after a severe struggle, decidedly the most important measure of the session, in the shape of the Constitutional Amendment forbidding all "discriminations in the exercise of the elective franchise on account of race, color, nativity, property, or education, or creed," and taking the control of "the manner of appointing Presidential electors from the State legislatures, and prescribing their election by a popular vote. The adoption of the amendment would be a fitting close to the great controversy by which the country has been so long torn, but for the provision forbidding any State, no matter what its circumstances or its experience, to demand from any of its citizens an educational qualification for the exercise of the franchise. It is impossible not to regard this as a step backward, because, no matter what the practical operation of the article may be, it will be

taken as a solemn national declaration, made by the most progressive people in the world, that intelligence is of no importance in politics, and that a "brute vote" ought to count for as much as a human one. All the experience of the country refutes this doctrine. There is not a single department of the Government which popular ignorance has not injured and is not injuring, and nothing better than windy declamation has been offered by anybody in support of the theory that a successful democracy is possible without general, and even considerable, education. There may seem to be something gained for the negro in this provision, but it is only temporary gain.

In the House the business of the week has been various in character, for not many days of this session and this Congress now remain, and everything presses. Indeed, night sessions are held, and there is no cessation of work. Of great local interest is the bill authorizing the construction of a bridge across the East River between New York and Brooklyn. Hitherto capitalists have had their doubts about putting their money into this enterprise, for it was uncertain whether the State had power to grant, as it did a year ago, permission to a company to bridge a tide-water stream. As enlarging the bed room, so to speak, of New Yorkers, as bringing their homes and their working-places somewhat nearer together, this bill is of importance. On Wednesday there was much talk about Johnson and Scannell, the two refractory witnesses, or non-witnesses, who were summoned to testify before the committee for investigating the election frauds in this city. Scannell was without excuse, and was ordered to pay the costs of his arrest by the Sergeant-at-arms. This he was ready enough to do, but some of the Democratic members of the delegation from this State urged him not to pay and then set about making him a martyr—a working-man with a large family oppressed by Radical tyranny. Inasmuch as the ex-alderman has and gratifies a taste for rings and precious stones, and possesses a trotting horse of the reputed value of \$14,000, the task of putting him in the light of a person compelled to rot in jail for the want of seventy dollars was not easy, and the Republican members were successfully jocose on the subject. The affair illustrates very well Mr. James Brooks's notion of how to oppose ably the Republican party. In the course of the debate Mr. Robinson, of Brooklyn, was called to order for unparliamentary language. On the following day, Thursday, there was another scene of verbal violence in the House. Mr. Holbrook, of Idaho, is a young man and Western in his manners, and probably not a friend of General Butler's, and possibly he has been an Indian agent, as delegates from Territories are apt to have been. At all events, General Butler, discussing the appropriations for the Indians, was severe on the men who have had charge of our relations with the Tribes, and Mr. Holbrook at once denounced him as a wilful liar. He declined to avail himself of the chance offered him, according to custom, and would not retract; whereupon he was called to the bar of the House and sharply censured. On Friday the most important business was the discussion of the bill reducing the effective force and the expenses of the army. It was recommitted, and there is very little likelihood that the committee will bring it back this session. Mr. Garfield made some just remarks as to the unequibleness of setting adrift men who have been in the national service for perhaps twenty years and are now fit for no other than their own profession. Nothing definite has yet been done about the railroads—either the Air Line or the Pacific and its branches—and it is possible that nothing will be done till the new Congress meets. We say "possible," thinking of the schemes of the Pacific road lobby, which is highly pleased with the action of the Senate committee in consenting to what is called the

Omnibus Railroad Bill. But it is doubtful if the Senate will take the committee's opinion. The minority of the committee has drawn and signed a strong protest.

Mr. Sumner seems, however, to think meanly of the amendment, and urges the passage of a bill instead, on the ground that "whatever Congress enacts for human rights will be constitutional." It is very difficult to deal with a proposition of this sort fairly, inasmuch as it is almost impossible to get at its meaning. If it means that good motives in the legislators are all that is needed to bring an act into accordance with the Constitution, the establishment of a state church might be made constitutional. If it means, on the other hand, that "human rights" are better secured by an act of Congress than by a constitutional amendment, the answer is that the repeal of an act of Congress is a very simple and easy matter, the repeal of a constitutional provision a very difficult one. If it means that Mr. Sumner's proposed bill would necessarily be an enactment for "human rights," it is a gross begging of the question. The question is, whether the leaving of human rights dependent on an act, when a constitutional amendment is possible, would not be in practice a betrayal of them. The argument is in fact worth notice only because, although falling rapidly into disuse, it is a kind of argument of which it is high time we saw the last; and men of education like Mr. Sumner ought to set the Logans and Chandlers an example of giving it up. Nothing but the certainty that a man is inspired will justify him in using it.

The Georgia difficulty, in so far as the share of the State in the Presidential election is concerned, has been met in what is perhaps the most harmless of ways, by a sort of compromise in the shape of a joint resolution which provides that though the State vote may be counted, it shall not be allowed to defeat Grant's election. As Grant is sure of his election in any case, nobody will under this resolution have any reason to complain. No further steps have been taken with regard to the expulsion of the State delegation from the House or the reception of Mr. Hill in the Senate. It is to be hoped that no further steps will be taken, and that instead all Republicans will devote themselves earnestly and energetically to the task of procuring the passage and ratification of a constitutional amendment prohibiting the exclusion of persons in any State from the franchise or from office on account of race, color, or creed. In this we touch bottom; the process of reconstruction as revealed in Mr. Stewart's report on Mr. Hill's case has no bottom, and contains no reason why it should ever come to an end. If his doctrines be accepted, the turning of States out of the Union and bringing them in again would become a regular part of the work of the Congressional majority, every time it was vexed or pleased with State legislation or State justice, and we should have periodical applications for the infliction of the penalty from any party in the State which considered itself unfairly dealt with.

The text of the *Alabama* Convention has been received in England, and, if the telegraphic accounts be correct, the "settlement" is likely to be as vigorously denounced there as here, though for a different reason. The English press finds fault with it because it provides for the submission to the Commission of the whole controversy, including the hastiness and unfriendliness of the recognition of Southern belligerency before the news of the blockade reached England. The history of this point in the controversy is very curious. It was insisted on strongly by Mr. Adams and Mr. Bemis in the earlier stages of the discussion, simply as a means of proving the responsibility of England for the subsequent ravages of the Confederate cruisers issuing from her ports. "You recognized the Confederates as belligerents," they said, "sooner than was necessary, or than is customary, and you thereby not only showed your hostility to the United States, and gave us good ground for doubting your good faith in your subsequent efforts to preserve your neutrality, but you furnished the Confederates with a base for their maritime operations and encouraged them to make use of it. Your subsequent efforts to preserve your neutrality, too, were feeble and futile, and, therefore, on the

whole case, you are liable for all damage done to our commerce by Confederate cruisers issuing from British ports." In other words, the prematurity of the recognition of belligerency was insisted on as a part of the proof of English liability for the loss sustained through the operations of the privateers. Now, however, the British Government has virtually admitted its liability for the ravages of the *Alabama*, and in the ordinary course of diplomatic debate nothing would remain but to press for payment of the money, this being the very kernel of the question.

The controversy has, however, partly through the effects of Mr. Johnson's indiscretions, taken an entirely new turn, and it is now proposed to make England confess that the recognition of belligerency was unprecedented and unwarranted, not by way of proving her liability for the actual losses sustained by the cruisers issuing from her ports, but partly by way of proving her responsibility for a large, indeterminate, and indeterminable amount of the total loss sustained through the war, both by land and sea, and partly by way of teaching her a wholesome moral lesson. In other words, the public, General Grant included, is decidedly in favor of keeping the question open, that is, of leaving it where the negotiations found it, and where it will now be left. Even the private claimants of *Alabama* damages support this course, one of the heaviest sufferers, Mr. Upton, of Boston, having signed a petition the other day against the confirmation of the Clarendon-Johnson Treaty. The figure which Mr. Johnson cuts under these circumstances is really pitiable.

Harper's Weekly defends the proposed action of the Senate and House with regard to Georgia, on the ground that "the substance of reconstruction is the essential point." This we take leave to call a dangerous doctrine, because if the substance of any measure was not to be found in the act or resolution in which the measure is embodied, people would never know what the law was, and the control of the public over law-makers, especially in these days of the "previous question," would be completely lost. The substance of reconstruction is or ought to be in the Reconstruction Acts; if it be not there, but was retained by Congressmen in the back chambers of their brains, the acts are traps or puzzles, not laws. Nothing could be better calculated, too, to encourage the reckless, speechless legislation on all subjects which is one of the great evils of the day than allowing majorities, when acts they have "rushed through" fail in attaining their object, to treat them as null and void, and produce an unknown "essence" or "substance" of the law from some secret repository, and make it take the place of the law itself as it stands on the statute book.

Who is to form the cabinet is still as great a mystery as ever, General Grant preserving a real and impenetrable silence on the subject. The veil, it is said, will be lifted soon after the official announcement to him of his election. This extraordinary departure from party usages has naturally, at last, begun to excite a good deal of dissatisfaction amongst the old politicians, who are hurt, and they say alarmed, by General Grant's failure to consult them about his appointments, and there is a good deal of head-shaking over the possible result of his want of political experience. To their chagrin and anxiety the failure of the bill for the repeal of the Tenure-of-Office Act to pass the Senate is said to be in part, at least, due. One of the reasons assigned for doubting Grant's fitness to choose his cabinet himself is that he has always been simply a soldier, and he is reproached for not seeking advice on the theory that the party managers are sagacious men who pass their lives in severe and conscientious study of human character, with the view after each election of getting exactly the right men into the right places in the Government, and that the results of their past efforts, for instance in the construction of the Pierce, Buchanan, and early Lincoln cabinets, had left nothing to be desired, and furnished Grant with models which the poor simpleton will probably try to copy of himself, but will miserably fail.

The week, as usual, has furnished a fresh illustration of the delight-

ful condition of the civil service. Last week we had a row between an ambassador and an admiral on a foreign station. This week we have a row between an ambassador and his secretary of legation, with side hits at the Secretary of State. Mr. Hale, of Madrid, is the ambassador, and Mr. Bliss, the secretary. Mr. Hale has, after years of suffering, made an appeal to a member of the New Hampshire delegation in Congress, which this gentleman has been foolish enough to print, in which Bliss is painted in the darkest colors. Mr. Hale says a history of "the indignities and outrages" Bliss has inflicted on his chief would be a history of the chief's "whole life" in Madrid, and in these atrocities he has been backed up by "Seward" (*sic*), who has been guilty of "duplicity," of "brutality," and of "baseness," and, worse than all, is "a confederate" of Bliss in certain Spanish contracts, for the sake of which the latter has neglected and betrayed his country. Moreover, "a Spanish woman has married" Bliss and "controls him," and, from being a "Channing Unitarian," he has embraced Popery. And yet again, he has had a stand-up fight in Mr. Hale's drawing-room, during his absence, in the presence of Mrs. and Miss Hale, with another visitor, an American doctor named Mackerlain, and the combatants were separated after the first round by one of the servants of the legation. Their meeting was accidental, and the deadly nature of their hostility may be guessed from the fact that, though they were both merely calling on the ladies, they refused to postpone the encounter. The object of Mr. Hale's letter to the New Hampshire Congressman is simply to get the New Hampshire delegation "to recommend General Grant to continue him in his place;" not that he wants the place particularly, but he wants to stay in it long enough "to triumph over these two men who have used him so basely for so long a time;" in other words, "till Perry and Seward are both out of office." We know nothing of the merits of the quarrel except what we get from Mr. Hale's letter, and we know nothing of General Grant's views about the Spanish mission; but, judging from the letter, we should say that if he thinks the United States need just now a prudent, discreet, self-restrained, and well-balanced man, he will bring Mr. Hale home at once.

The St. Domingo annexation scheme, as we feared, is likely to come up again. It appears that at the bottom of the movement is a person named Baez, who is nominally President of St. Domingo, having been raised to that dignity by one of the ordinary insurrections in 1867; but whose tenure of office is probably not worth a month's purchase; in fact, the last news is that a pronunciamiento against him has broken out also. His competency to negotiate for the transfer of the island, or any part of it, to a foreign power may, therefore, be guessed. In fact, nobody is now, or is likely to be, competent to conduct a negotiation on behalf of the Haytians or Dominicans for any such purpose, or in fact for any purpose, because there is not enough confidence reposed by the people in any of their temporary rulers even for the maintenance of internal tranquillity. If the United States Government, therefore, engages in any such transaction, under the auspices either of Mr. Banks, Mr. Orth, or anybody else, it will become a party to a wretched little fraud, and an unprofitable one besides, because it will have to conquer the island and hold it by force of arms all the same. The notion that the island contains republics, in anything but the name, or can be decently governed by us except through a military force, is a pure delusion; and those who do not want to see the army increased, a leak of unknown magnitude opened in the Treasury, and a ring formed beside which the Whiskey Ring and the Indian Ring would fade into insignificance, ought to protest against it with all their might.

The news from Greece is clearly peaceful. The Bulgarian ministry resigned sooner than sign the protocol, and are reported to have acquired much popularity at Athens thereby, but the King has found a way out of the difficulty. The protocol is one of the most harmless of documents. It simply lays down certain doctrines of international law which no power thinks of disputing, though hardly any power observes them in practice, the principal one being that it is a breach of international law to aid an insurrection on the soil of a friendly power by permitting the transmission of supplies or reinforcements to the insurgents. The objection of the Bulgarian ministry to signing it

therefore was, doubtless, a personal one mainly. They gave out they were going to fight Turkey, and then refused to sign any proposition, though it were simply an affirmation of the revolution of the earth on its own axis, which promised to establish peace with Turkey. Their resignation placed the King in an awkward position, as he had to get somebody to sign, and men ready to take office for this particular purpose were probably scarce, though office-seekers at Athens are plenty.

The exercise of the newly-acquired right of holding public meetings for discussion in France seems to be attended with extraordinary difficulties. The Commissary of Police is legally entitled to a seat on the platform, and he attended a meeting at Belleville accompanied by three shorthand-writers, for whom there was no accommodation. The chairman offered one seat, the Commissary insisted on having four, and, after a squabble, the Commissary refusing to recede from his position, the audience receded from theirs by leaving the hall to him and his reporters. There seems to be a want of practicalness, however, in this way of solving the difficulty. To stop the meeting was what he wanted, and to say their say, in spite of all obstacles, should have been the main point with the audience. An Anglo-Saxon or Hungarian meeting would have sat it out, and provided seats for the reporters. The course of Sunday evening lectures in the Salle Valentino, of which Jules Favre gave one and Laboulaye was to have given another, has also been stopped by what the French police call a "manœuvre," but a manœuvre of their own. The Salle Valentino is a ball-room, frequented in the evenings by the same circle who in summer figure in the Jardin Mabille. The ladies of this circle are not pinks of propriety, but they are now what they have been for the thirty years during which the Salle has been open to them. When the course of lectures began, however, the police became suddenly troubled by their dress and behavior, and intimated to the proprietor that, in the interests of public morality, they feared they would have to shut up the hall. The proprietor took the hint, and has procured immunity for his dancing-parties by shutting out the lecturers. The last popular hero is the Baron Séguier, whose resignation has been an immense success.

There is no change, however, worth notice in the general state of things in France. The financial statement of M. Magne looks well enough, as the financial statements always do, because their estimate of the expenditure of the coming year is never, or almost never, accurate, or intended to be accurate. There is a regular addition made to it later in the financial year, in the shape of "supplemental credits," which the Corps Législatif votes with little question. Deficits, too, ever since the accession of the present Emperor, are met by loans, so that the increase of taxation has been but trifling as compared to the increased ability of the country to bear it. But the impression seems to gain strength all over Europe that the adjustment of the Continent on its new political basis of popular sovereignty, instead of royal or imperial arrangement, cannot be completed without a fresh trial of material strength. Every power is now a little uncertain as to its exact relative weight, the standard set up by the Congress of Vienna having been destroyed, and new states of which the congress knew nothing having come into existence. Of the terrible nature of this struggle when it comes some idea may be formed from the perfection to which the manufacture of small arms and artillery has been brought within the last twenty years, and the size of the force which every Continental power now keeps on foot. The latest and most careful calculations, as produced by Baron Kuhn in the Austrian Reichsrath, give France 1,350,000 men; North and South Germany, 1,229,117; Austria, 1,053,000; Russia, 1,467,000; Italy, 480,461; or over five millions and a half. Deducting one-third for the difference between strength on paper and effective strength, we have still an enormous host left, armed and equipped, except the Russians, with the highest efficiency, and whose combined operations, considering the rapidity with which troops are now concentrated, and the delicacy and complexity of the existing social organization, would be attended with an amount of destruction, both of life and property, such as the world has never seen. The two powers which most dread the struggle are France and Austria, as it is very doubtful whether it would end without leaving France in a second-rate position, and without effacing Austria from the map.

CABINET-MAKING.

WE take it to be well understood that any one who pretends to any knowledge of the probable constitution of Grant's cabinet is either an arrant humbug or else is some gentleman unfortunate enough to have to forward daily supplies of news from Washington. Grant, who, as Lowell said the other day, was elected "in spite of both parties," has astonished and confounded both parties by doing what fifty years ago was considered a matter of course by all parties—keeping his own counsel with regard to future appointments.

It is a long time since any President has done as much. Indeed, it is not going too far to say that, from the time of Polk down to the present moment, the custom has been that the party leaders should force into the chief position in the cabinet some one of their number who ran for the Presidency, but was defeated in the nominating convention. There is always some position in the administration (formerly it was the State Department, now the Treasury) which is prominently before the public, and, in consequence, the great object of political ambition next to the Presidency. At present, for example, when people say they really wish they knew who were going to be in the cabinet, all they mean is that they would really like to know who is going to be Secretary of the Treasury. The War, Navy, and Interior Departments are of little importance in comparison. In the same way, twenty years ago the State Department was the important one—was, in fact, the cabinet, in the minds of the office-seekers and the public. So, in Polk's cabinet, Buchanan, who had tried his luck in the Democratic convention which nominated Polk, received, as a reward for his sufferings, the Secretaryship of State. In Taylor's cabinet, or rather Fillmore's, Daniel Webster and Edward Everett had the same place in succession. Need that be explained? When Pierce came in, Marcy supplanted Everett, and Marcy had been balloted for in the convention of 1862. Buchanan again appointed Cass in 1857, and Cass, as the recorded votes of the convention show, and as all the world knows, had been an opponent of Buchanan and for a long time an aspirant to the Presidency. Mr. Lincoln appointed Seward.

But we have only gone over the most important and evident cases. A more minute investigation would, we are inclined to believe, reveal the fact that, in the administration last named, Mr. Chase was offered the Treasury, and Mr. Cameron the War Department, for reasons not unlike those which led to the admission of Mr. Seward. And who shall say why Buchanan thought Howell Cobb peculiarly fitted for the work of finance, or Isaac Toucey for naval administration? And why had Cobb, Cushing, and Jefferson Davis, and Guthrie, of Kentucky, seats in Pierce's cabinet? Or Robert J. Walker, Marcy, and John Y. Mason in that of Polk? In those days, when a gentleman was elected President, he looked cautiously about him for "dangerous" men, powerful intriguers, astute wire-pullers, sagacious log-rollers, who had always acted with the party, yet who were too intelligent not to be willing to change sides in case honorable preferment were offered them by new friends while it was refused by the old, or who were too patriotic not to be ready to abandon their principles if their principles seemed likely to cease to command a majority of votes in their section of country. Such men as these were accordingly sent for. Some one or two of them would naturally have been unsuccessful candidates for the Presidential nomination, and these it was peculiarly necessary to secure. Something must be done for these retainers, heretofore so trusty, henceforth so very likely to be untrusty. Accordingly, some gentleman who had received a heavy vote at the convention was made Secretary of State, the Treasury was given to some one whose name had not appeared in the convention, because there had been an understanding that if it did not appear something nice would be reserved for him; the War Department was given to some one who had been "before the country" as possible President for some time; the Navy was put in the hands of some one who wanted to try his luck next time, and thought the prestige of cabinet service would answer his purpose admirably, while it was privately known among "his friends" (who got him the appointment) that he must inevitably fail in that position and would so make way for another friend, who meantime might be satisfied with the Attorney-Generalship.

In fine, the old way of making up a cabinet was to make it a "political cabinet." The object was to put an end to the rivalry of uncomfortably active political supporters by giving them positions which should prevent them from going over to the enemy, and should at the same time seem to the public an honorable recompense for past services. Under this system, had the Democrats succeeded in defeating Grant last year, we should no doubt by this time have learnt to look forward to Mr. Hendricks as probable Secretary of the Treasury. The principle was to apply the same strategy to cabinet offices which was used in other parts of the political field—to treat them as booty, and distribute them in such a way as to strengthen the attachment of the incumbents to the party. And this was done not by the President, who was nominally in control, but by the party, which urged and advised and remonstrated and threatened until it obtained its will. The President was, until very lately, a mere puppet in the hands of the party managers; the more puppet-like, the better. Polk, perhaps, was as near the "political" ideal of the period of which we are speaking as any one could expect to come—utterly unknown before he was nominated, and the soul of geniality afterwards. It is essential to the existence of Spoil-of-office Government that individuals should be pliant, and "receptivity" might be said to have been the one essential qualification in Presidents of the old school. Every one will recollect how much was said by Democrats in 1856 about the delightful tendency to *compromise* which Buchanan had always shown; it was thought to be just the thing for a crisis.

The war produced a great change in the system. The absolute necessity of having an effective administration made people discountenance purely political appointments, and although Lincoln's first cabinet was arranged under the old system, and the State Department was given to Mr. Seward because he had been a candidate for the Presidency, the cabinet of 1865 was made up on a totally different footing. Every one was continued in office in order to give what was called "continuity" to the administration; in other words, for the purpose of returning to the plan practised by Washington, Adams, and the other earlier Presidents—of making promotions depend upon the merit of the candidate. Every one recollects the earnest determination on the part of all thinking Republicans that no changes should be made while the war went on. The result certainly justified their expectations.

But now there is no war, and the struggle for cabinet appointments has begun again, and one of the most interesting questions of the moment is, whether those who desire to force Grant into forming a "political" administration, or those who simply desire that he should put the best men he can find in office, will succeed. If Grant had been nominated in the ordinary way, by intriguing managers and corrupt rings, there would have been little hope. He would have been obliged to give pledges, and to regard partisan services, and to take the advice of the sages, and the result would have been that we should have seen the reintroduction of the check-and-balance system with this aggravation, that we should have lost one of the best results of the war at the very moment when it seemed secure in our grasp. But Grant was not nominated in the way we have named; he was confessedly the candidate of unbiassed, intelligent patriotism. It is extremely likely that the caucuses would have thrown him over if the constituencies and their newspapers and periodicals had not forced the caucuses into doing their pleasure. He was nominated as well as elected by the people. He therefore stands in the same peculiar position in which Lincoln stood in the spring of 1865, and can, if he pleases, carry still further the reform which was then begun. He can root out the influence of "politics" from the administration.

Though Grant's cabinet may not be an ideal one, there seems every reason to believe that he will remove his administration from the corrupt influences which threaten to poison it. He is silent, but no one supposes that he is sleeping; and to any one alive to the indications of the political sentiment of the times, nothing can be clearer than that every attempt (such as measures for the reform of the civil service, or to arrest the progress of the "rings" by cutting down subsidies) to make the Government intelligent, efficient, and economical, meets with the warm approval of the great mass of intelligent people throughout the country. We have no doubt that

Grant understands who nominated him quite as well as anybody, and that he is not at the last moment to be frightened by the politicians into making appointments of conciliation and intrigue. It is not to be forgotten that Grant served in the army during the war, and there saw a good deal of politics. He has already done a thing which no President has dared before to do, in detailing an officer of his staff to burn office-seeking letters—in other words, refusing to hear the prayers for political preferment of those who imagine his destiny bound up with theirs, and who under that misapprehension lately spent several months of their lives in trumpeting forth his praises with a view to preferment. Such an act does not seem to show that subservience to the influence of politicians which is likely to lead to a "political" cabinet. Not that it is in the least likely he will attempt anything so utopian as complete independence of party. He has too much good sense to tilt against windmills. But there is such a thing as abuse as well as use of party organization, and against the former it is high time for somebody in power to set his face. Whether Grant is the man for the work remains to be seen. Of the nature of the difficulties he will encounter, we get an inkling already in the news that the repeal of the Tenure-of-Office bill hangs fire in the Senate, pending the appointment of the cabinet. If the appointments are satisfactory to the majority, all will be well; if not, the "traitor" may be sure he will catch it.

HOW ARE THE HIGH PRICES MAINTAINED?

THE condition of the leading branches of business activity throughout the country is at this moment most anomalous and entirely unprecedented. With abundant crops of almost all our principal staples, with a year of active production in our important manufacturing industries, with a general business characterized by all persons interested as unprofitable and extremely dull, with a growing economy among all classes of the people and a consequently diminished consumption of all articles produced, we see yet not only no decline in price, but a positive advance in the cost of almost every single article of consumption or of traffic. Readers of the *Nation* may remember how we predicted early in the fall that trade this winter would be dull and unprofitable, basing our prediction upon the natural delay in marketing abundant crops upon a declining market. The dull and unprofitable trade has come in accordance with our anticipations, but the important decline in prices which was to have resulted from it has so far failed to show itself. The question is interesting to all, How are the high prices maintained?

We have of late years heard so much about the effects of speculation on so many things with which speculation had nothing to do; we have so frequently seen the premium on gold, and the credit of the Government, and the price of eggs and butter at the market-stalls, attributed to unscrupulous gold gamblers and forestallers and middlemen, who were really as much interested in lowering prices as in advancing them, that we have perhaps become too much inclined to go to the opposite extreme, and to entirely ignore the existence of that potent element of our commercial organism. We hear comparatively little of speculation nowadays; the press has stayed its daily tirades against Wall Street and the market-men; the general public no longer watches the ups and downs of gold and stocks; the great mass of private citizens are no longer "taking flyers" in Erie or Northwest Common, or "dabbling a little" in flour or wheat; there is no one now to throw the blame for his losses on the professional speculator, and hence speculation is scarcely mentioned and seems almost to have died out. Yet never was speculation so intense, so powerful, so wide-spread, or so dangerous to the public welfare as at this moment. It is not the speculation of thousands of thoughtless individuals, who risk a portion of their earnings, much of their time, and withal a share of their comfort and independence, on the chances of the Stock Exchange or of the cotton market, and who after the "fitful fever" return to their ordinary avocations soberer and poorer. It is not even the speculation of the professional speculators who make a precarious living by seeking to foretell the natural course of the markets. It is a speculation of a very different kind. In all the markets there appear to have sprung up suddenly, almost as if by

concert, organized bands of bold, able, unscrupulous men of wealth and prominence, who appear to have obtained control of the railroads, the banks, the crops, the real estate, gold and Government bonds, or of a large portion of them, and who are daily advancing the prices of all these things without reference to their value or to the supposed natural tendency of the markets, but by the simple determination to hold by main force possession of them until absolute necessity or want shall compel the public to pay whatever price they, the holders, choose to demand. The public is almost unanimous in the belief so frequently expressed by the *Nation*, that prices are too high, and they consequently abstain from buying. The speculative combinations declare that they will force prices still higher, and consequently refuse to sell. All business is at a deadlock, each party striving to starve the other out.

At all the great Lake ports, Milwaukee, Chicago, Detroit, and Buffalo, the stocks of flour and grain are steadily accumulating; but little or nothing is moving to the East. The railroads are bringing us no breadstuffs, nor are we sending any abroad, vessels are lying idle in our harbors, the Produce Exchange is almost deserted, and after a magnificent harvest prices have but slightly declined from the famine rates of last spring. The great grain speculators here and at the West are buying up everything that comes to market, and placing it in store to hold for higher prices. Petroleum, which has grown to be an article of the first importance in trade, is being produced latterly again in larger quantities than ever; it is subject to precisely the same influences as grain—it is accumulating in stores, and advancing in price, until its export is entirely stopped. Cotton, which of all our products is the most valuable, has for the last few weeks almost ceased to be an article of trade. In spite of a good crop, prices are nearly double what they were a year ago. Europe, which takes about two-thirds of our crop, refuses to pay our prices; American cotton can be bought in Liverpool to-day two or three cents a pound cheaper than in New York; the Manchester cotton-mills are running on half time, yet lose on their production; English and French ships that have gone to New Orleans or Savannah for cotton take back lumber, or whatever they can get, for no cotton can be shipped; American manufacturers are not buying beyond their most pressing wants; the planters themselves think they have made a mistake in selling their crops, and come into the market to buy them back and even to buy more; no one is willing to sell; and while the crop is good, and consumption light, and stocks are accumulating, prices keep advancing, and the whole trade is at a standstill.

The great bulk of the railroad stocks of the country have been, by waste, mismanagement, and fraud, materially reduced in value during the last two years; comparatively few of them pay regular cash dividends; many of them have been doubled and trebled in quantity without representing a single additional dollar in property; yet they are selling to-day from twenty-five to seventy-five per cent. higher than a year ago. Most prudent investors have sold out their railroad stocks and have purchased other property; never was there known so little investment demand for securities of this class, never so little faith in their honest management; yet prices go higher and higher by strides almost fabulous, until the most hardened gamblers ask themselves, How much further can things go? The last quarterly statement of the National Banks shows that they hold scarcely one-half the amount of Government bonds that they held a year ago; it is notorious that many private holders have been sellers; Europe is at present unwilling to purchase more from us—has not, indeed, purchased any for several months past; the amount of bonds held by large speculative dealers is very great, and there are no buyers at present prices; yet the prices keep advancing still. The premium on gold is more directly affected by the export demand than by any one other cause; for over two months there has been no export of consequence, and the condition of the foreign exchanges is such that no early export is probable; all other leading influences point to a lower premium, yet gold is to-day four or five per cent. higher than in December.

With the general dulness of business and the decline in profits of all trade, there naturally comes a decline in rents of all tenements used for business purposes. In the lower part of the city a very

large number of offices and stores are vacant. The owners of some of the recently erected bank palaces find no tenants for their marble halls. Of the extraordinary number of new dry-goods stores erected during the last two years on the west side of this city, many will, according to all accounts, stand empty or be rented at very low figures. The prospect is that dwelling-houses will be similarly affected. While thus real estate generally is not profitable, and seems likely to become less so, the prices paid for it are advancing rapidly; the transactions are almost incredible in amount; whole blocks of city property change hands almost daily for cash sums that a few years ago would have been the town talk for a week; whole townships, whose existence was all but forgotten, are suddenly laid out in city lots and country residences, and find eager buyers at auction after auction; acres of mud that have for centuries lain buried under the Harlem River, or the sweet waters of Gowanus Bay, suddenly emerge into the money markets as first-class security for loans on bond and mortgage; and the same state of affairs appears to prevail in all parts of the country alike.

The enormous activity of production and of traffic resulting from the waste and movement of our gigantic war rendered necessary the creation of an amount of money or currency far in excess of all our former wants, but certainly not in excess of the wants of those days. The creation of this increased amount of money or currency was accompanied or rapidly followed by a corresponding or even an excessive increase in all kinds of credit facilities. The war witnessed not only the issue of four hundred millions of greenbacks and of three hundred millions of bank currency, but it also witnessed the creation of fourteen hundred national banks and of twenty times fourteen hundred private banking firms. These national banks and banking firms, by the well-known and perfectly legitimate means of drafts and checks and loans and deposits, create credit facilities which for all business purposes serve just as well as money, and in fact are better than money when used for legitimate business purposes only. In this manner, while the currency of the country was trebled or quadrupled to meet the exigencies of the war, the credit facilities of the country were from the same necessity increased tenfold or fifteenfold; nor is there any good evidence to show that during the height of the war either currency or credit facilities were really in excess. But while peace and the disbanding of the armies have reduced the business movement of the country to a mere fraction of what it was four and even three years ago, the whole currency, the whole machinery of banking credits, remains at the same high figure as during the most active period of the war. We need to-day perhaps twice or three times as much currency and credit together as we had *before* the war; but we have in use ten times as much. One-half of our present currency and credit cannot find employment in legitimate business. It is the natural tendency of currency and credit, once created, to seek to be employed to its full extent. The currency and credit which cannot be employed in legitimate business is forcing itself upon speculators, and is at one and the same time the impulse and the means of the extravagant speculation now going on.

The remarkable feature of this speculation is that it does not lead to any increased activity in any of the different markets affected by it, except perhaps in the market for real estate; but even in the latter there seems to be a pause. As a general thing there are no buyers. The advance in prices is not based on increasing transactions. The prices are simply put up by the holders asking each day more than they asked the day previous. Once in a while the great combinations make a few sales and let prices fall, so as to give an appearance of activity to the markets, and entrap a few unwary outsiders into buying or selling at the wrong moment. But these are rather exceptional phases of the movement. Its regular course for weeks past has been a steady upward forcing of prices of almost every article named, without any increased demand for them—with, on the contrary, a steadily decreasing demand; without any increase in the real value of any of them—with, on the contrary, a steady decline in the productiveness or real value of most of them; without sound or valid reason beyond the sheer force of will of reckless men, and the incautious greed of the banks and bankers, whose money and credit are the cheap lever with which the whole machine is worked.

"Capital is timid." At least so says a favorite axiom of social science. But is the capital timid that trusts itself to water-lots? Is even the rapid progress of New York sufficient reason for making an East River oyster-bed worth as much to-day as a lot on Fifth Avenue was a few years ago? Is the capital timid that expects the surplus population of even our city to overflow within the next ten years one-tenth only of the acres of corn-fields and meadows turned into suburban villa sites during the last twelvemonth? Is the capital timid that allows store-house after storehouse to be filled with grain and flour and meats, at prices that admit of no export, after a magnificent crop, and with a lessened domestic consumption? Is the capital timid that enables a planter to hold his cotton, by advancing him fifty per cent. more than last year's average price, in face of a better crop than last year's, in face of a diminished demand, in face of preparations to double the crop next year, in face of the fact that it almost pays to import cotton here from England? Is the capital timid that lends to-day thirty per cent. more on a railroad stock than it would have done a year ago, when the value of that stock is lessened by one-half through its quantity having been doubled? Is the capital timid that lends on securities manipulated by men who control courts of law? Do timid capitalists, who have lent their money or their credit for thirty, sixty, or ninety days on railroad stocks or cotton or grain or pork—do they ever ask themselves who would buy these things of them, if they should ever be compelled to sell? At present prices there are no buyers except speculators interested in sustaining the price. If *their* ability to buy should be curtailed, who would relieve the timid capitalist of his load? Can any timid capitalist give any reason satisfactory to himself why any one of the articles named by us should to-day be worth one cent more than they were a year ago?

The only sensible reason that can be given is, that money is abundant. If money or credit could be profitably employed in trade, there would be more demand for it for that purpose, and it would be less abundant. The very fact that it is abundant shows that it cannot be profitably employed in trade. But if trade is not active or profitable, that is the strongest possible reason for a general decline in prices. The abundance of money is the very last reason in the world why prices should advance. The abundance of money, which tempts the capitalist to discriminate less closely in his risks, is the very thing that ought to make him more cautious than ever. In fact, capitalists and money-lenders generally have to learn that in times of peace and economy there is not and cannot be the same employment for money and credit that there was in times of war and extravagance. The excess of money and credit created during the last six years will have to lie idle during the years to come. Capitalists, like every other class of the community, will, hereafter, have to be satisfied with smaller profits and lighter transactions. Their present efforts to avoid the inevitable by lending on property or merchandise of any kind at present speculative prices can only delay the resumption of activity in legitimate business, and involve money-lenders, speculators, and the whole community in the irretrievable confusion and ruin resulting from sudden panic and collapse.

THE CRIMINALS AND THE LAW.

THERE is a good deal of ferment in New York just now on the subject of the growing audacity of criminals, and, unhappily, it is not confined to New York. Criminals are unusually bold, and the means of repression apparently unusually defective, through the West and North-west also. The criminal class, too, seem to be gaining, like all other classes, by the general diffusion of intelligence, and are displaying in the work of robbery and murder a good deal of the power of combination and organization shown by their betters in great commercial and benevolent enterprises. Science, too, though it has done much to facilitate their detection and arrest, has, perhaps, done more to facilitate their escape. They use the railroad and telegraph as energetically as anybody, and the immense movements of population which the improved means of communication have caused of course doubles a fugitive's chances of avoiding observation in his flight.

But the great cause of the increase of crime must, after all, be

sought in the increasing defectiveness of the machinery of penal justice. The same agencies which are lowering the character and efficiency of the civil courts are, of course, lowering the character and efficiency of the criminal courts. One of these is the elective judiciary. That the election of judges by the popular vote should, in a more than ordinarily moral and religious community, interfere with the proper administration of criminal justice, may at first sight seem very strange to the simple-minded. But any one who is puzzled by the phenomenon has only to spend an hour or two with one of those lovely characters, "the men inside politics," in any State in which the judges are elected, and if he can only get him to explain fully "how the thing is done," the way in which his honor on the bench may, in many cases, have reason to fear the hostility of the friends of the swashbuckler or express robber at the bar will become plain enough. The judge is, however, after all, even in the worst States, only a subordinate hindrance to the due and proper punishment of crime. It is always difficult for a judge to be glaringly remiss in his duty, because he has, happily, to perform it in public and in the presence of professional critics. The principal mode open to him of favoring powerful criminals, at least in this city, consists in the "suspension of sentence," and, amongst the justices of the peace, in prematurely discharging prisoners, or in releasing them on "straw bail."

The real god of the thieves and murderers, at whose shrine they threaten or adore, is the district attorney. Wherever he is elective, he exercises a control over the administration of justice such as probably no judicial officer in the world, at least in a law-governed country, has ever enjoyed. He is, in the first place, usually nominated and elected rather for his political services than for his fitness for the place. In the second place, he is virtually responsible to nobody for his manner of discharging his duties; nobody has a right to call on him for an account of his stewardship. He is, he will tell you, responsible to "the people" from whom he derives his authority, and in a small Swiss canton or Greek republic this might amount to a real check. But saying that a judicial officer in crowded, busy, and complex communities like the States of the Union is responsible to "the people," is very like saying he is responsible to posterity or to humanity or the spirit of civilization. True, it is the business of the press to keep an eye on him; but the press cannot hit him no matter how much it shoots at him, and he knows it, partly for want of exact information, which it can procure from nobody but himself or his employees, and partly because the press abuses very respectable men so fiercely for mere differences of opinion that its charges against unworthy officials produce little or no impression. The minute a criminal leaves the justice's court-room, he passes into the hands of the district attorney, and everything this officer does for or against him from that moment is shrouded either in secrecy or mystery. He draws up the indictment; and, being the legal adviser of the Grand Jury, may press it or let it be thrown out. If found, it passes into a pigeon-hole in his office, and it is for him then to decide absolutely when he will bring it to trial or whether he will bring it to trial at all or not; or, if he does bring it to trial, whether he will take pains with it, and will bring out the points for the prosecution in the examination of his own witnesses, or cross-examine properly those for the prisoner, or make a strong presentation of the case to the jury. In most States, too, he has no personal interest in procuring a conviction. He is paid by salary, which he draws no matter what becomes of the criminals, and if you complain, as impudent people occasionally do, that somehow a good many bad fellows are never brought to trial, and a good many others prosecuted with such languor that they have no difficulty in escaping, the answer is that the officer owes you no account of his conduct, and that, at all events, you are so grossly ignorant both of the facts and of the law of the matter that it would be useless to talk to you about it, which, in nine cases out of ten, would be strictly true. There is no person authorized to visit his office, look among his papers, and ask why this murderer or that burglar goes unwhipped of justice. "The people" might make such an inquisition, but he is no more afraid of "the people" than of the precession of the equinoxes.

Supposing, however, the district attorney to be honest, capable,

and energetic, and supposing him even to be paid by fees instead of a salary—so much for every conviction—and supposing the courts did their duty valiantly, and pronounced promptly the full sentence of the law, the greatest difficulty of all would still remain untouched, viz., the uncertainty as to whether the sentence would ever be carried out. Imprisonment for long terms, which now furnish the only penal protection society enjoys against grave crimes against person or property, and which in some States furnish the only protection for life itself, are in practice a mockery. They are hardly ever executed—a fact of which the criminals are perfectly well aware—and yet all schools of reformers and jurists agree in pronouncing certainty to be the element in punishment which, more than all others, gives it its efficacy. It is this which gives the punishment of death all its value and all its terrors. On every other ground it is objectionable. It is the absolute destruction of hope which it involves, the absolute impossibility of modifying or lightening or changing it, that makes it so terrible to criminals, a fact which its assailants almost invariably pass over without notice, and apparently hardly think of, and consequently they give themselves no trouble about a substitute. They tell us, as a matter of course, that you may imprison the murderer for life, but they make no attempt to meet the fact that imprisonment for life is practically an unknown punishment in American jurisprudence, and which, for reasons which cannot be removed without a total reorganization both of our political and social system, and indeed, we might add, without recasting human nature itself, cannot be introduced into American jurisprudence. What these reasons are we cannot state better than in the language of the *Chicago Tribune*, which has been discussing the efforts now making in Illinois to have the infliction of the death penalty restored to the judge, as under the old law, instead of being, as now, left to the discretion of the jury:

"If convicted, he can rely upon the strongest efforts to have his term made short, the chances of escape from prison, and the chances of pardon. Should he be imprisoned, the circumstances of his case will soon die out of public memory, and the feelings of the few who may remember them will be softened by time. New judges will be on the bench, new attorneys will represent the State, new governors will be in office. It never has been and never will be difficult, under these circumstances, to satisfy such officials that the demands of justice have been substantially complied with, and that the repentant and exemplary prisoner who has served one, two, or three years of his sentence is a fit subject for clemency. Friends and relatives, male and female, religious and political, will not fail to press the matter until at last the prison bars are removed, and the murderer walks forth in health and vigor, purified of all crime in the eyes of the law, and worth, in the estimation of society, a hundred dead men."

Not more than five per cent., the same journal says, of criminals sentenced to the penitentiary in that State for over three years serve out their terms, and those who do so are poor, penniless wretches who are more comfortable in prison than out of it. In Massachusetts, the penal system of which is perhaps better than that of any other State in the Union, the warden of the state prison reported in 1865 that "he had never received a man into that institution, on a life sentence, who did not say he preferred it to one for ten years." The records of the prison since 1833 show that while the average time served by prisoners sentenced for ten years is six and three-quarter years, the average time served by prisoners sentenced for life is only six and a quarter years. We need not after this cite the statistics of any other State.

All of this uncertainty about life sentences is, of course, not due to simple laxity on the part of officials. Some remissions of sentences are due to the commutation system, or are granted on proof of long good behavior, some to executive clemency, excited by all sorts of agencies; but no matter what the cause, the fact that life sentences or even sentences for long terms are practically never carried out, deprives them of most of their terrors for criminals, and practically, wherever the death penalty is abolished or rarely executed, puts the killing of a man on the same level with burglary or highway robbery, and thus furnishes every criminal who finds himself detected or pursued with the strongest possible temptation to murder his victim, in order to escape capture or destroy evidence. Of this privilege of course criminals are largely availing themselves. A policeman now counts on receiving one or two shots from a thief's revolver, as almost a matter of course, before arresting him, and the slightest resistance to a robber puts life in imminent peril.

These facts, which are notorious, give a curious air of humbug to the tremendous sentences recently pronounced on criminals in the New York courts, and convert into something very like a farce the surrender of the "butcher-cart thief" who murdered the sheriff in Michigan, where murder is punished by imprisonment "for life," to the authorities of that State, after he had received a sentence of forty years' imprisonment from the courts here for an attempt at burglary and felonious shooting at a policeman.

Considering that the opponents of the death penalty for murder do not profess to regard human life as absolutely sacred, and contemplate the killing of men by the thousands in war with perfect complacency, and even under certain circumstances with joy and pride, it is evident that they really consider the question of its retention or abolition as one of expediency simply, to be solved by experience. They would kill men for robbery only, if there were no other way of preventing robbery, for unchecked robbery means the dissolution of society, and they will, therefore, we take it, kill men for committing deliberate murder, if it can be shown that there is no other way so efficacious in preventing it. The sentimental treatment of the matter, therefore, in which they largely indulge, and the harrowing pictures they draw of executions, are very improper instruments of persuasion. We believe we are safe in saying that the experience of all communities, in which the experiment has been fairly made, shows that nothing will adequately protect human life except a penalty which will shut out hope, appal every imagination, and which, by being reserved for murder exclusively, will mark as nothing else could the enormous interval which separates, or ought to separate, the taking of property from the taking of life, in every good system of criminal jurisprudence.

THE PRINTERS' STRIKE.

THE first obvious reflection suggested by the recent strike of the printers in this city is, that they offer no exception to the general disposition—we may now say custom—among the working classes to combine against their employers and against each other for the purpose of controlling the amount of their work and their wages and the competition in every branch. The Printers' Union is as unreasonable and arbitrary as any other trades-union, shows itself as exclusive and tyrannical towards those not members of it, as peremptory in its orders and in its demands, as ready to coerce where it cannot persuade. The strikes which it has caused within the last eight or ten years have not, perhaps, been stained by as great violence as those of other bodies; but the attempt has been made repeatedly to intimidate those who refused to be bound by its programme, and in spirit it has been as unjust as if it had hunted down, beaten, and killed those from whom it claimed but could not obtain support. Its rule that no member shall work in a printing-office where all are not members; its edict not to parley or discuss, but to quit work immediately after presenting its demands; its claim that the skilful and the inefficient alike shall be paid by a fixed scale; its hostility to the employment of women; and the powerful, almost superstitious, control which it has over even the decenter men of the craft—all these features it has in common with the bricklayers' and the shipbuilders' and the piano-forte makers', and all the other mechanics' unions. It is, like these, deliberately carried on in the interest of the lazy and the incompetent, who chiefly engineer it, plan its surprises, marshal its forces, pass its resolves, and suppress everything like diversity of sentiment as if it were the sheerest treason. There can be no reasonable doubt that the strike among the book printers was devised and organized by the printers employed on the daily journals—for what ulterior purpose will perhaps appear before long.

This comparison with other working-men is of use as serving to correct any *a priori* notions we might have entertained as to the essential difference between setting type and working at a lathe, for example. By neither, it appears, is a man saved from extravagance and folly, nor are these differently displayed or for diverse ends. Yet there would seem to be a valid distinction between the labor of the printer and that of the mechanic pure and simple. The art which has to do with the expression and preservation of ideas appeals more to the intellect and the judgment, requires a better education, and ought to stimulate thought and broaden the understanding more than any other productive industry that could be named. Yet this does not prove to be the case, though instances are not wanting among us of honorable advancement from the printing-office into public station and dignity. If we except the brutal and violent passions,

the journeymen printers of our day will not surpass in average morality, self-respect, or scarcely intelligence, the carpenters or the painters, the smiths or the mill hands. They labor under the same delusion as to their rights, their interests, and their obligations; they are even notoriously unsteady, vagrant, shiftless, irresponsible. Mr. Jenckes tells of officers in the custom-house who do not know over-night with whom they are to carry on the business of their office in the morning. The foreman of a large printing establishment expects to make up a new pay-roll every day, for every day some man who was counted on disappears, without explanation, and some new compositor appears asking to be set to work; but the stuff which fills the gap is as unreliable as that which made it; and looking at all these changes, and the miserable workmanship of the bums who flourish under the aegis of the Printers' Union, it is a perpetual source of wonder to those engaged in publishing how anything is printed correctly and how anything comes to time.

It is well known that the uncertainties and delays which these strikes occasion have already built up the country offices at the expense of this city, just as other mechanical processes have been transferred or put out—piano-forte cases, to quote a recent example, being now largely made in Massachusetts, where the water-power and the timber are close at hand, and where wages are lower and workmen more steady. Singularly enough, this putting out of books increases along with the marked growth of publishing houses in New York, which far outstrips every other city in this kind of productiveness. What remains to be done here is the slop-work and the periodicals, along with whatever is urgent and must be done under immediate supervision. Any disproportionate increase of wages benefits printers at a distance, and attracts numbers hither to compete with those who have forced them up. To recall its proper business to the city, wages must be reduced to about the same ratio which they bear in other places to the cost of living, and this can be done in two ways—by the employment of women or by the aid of machinery. The machines, though forward, are not yet ready, nor, in a certain sense, are the women; that is, there is no well-trained body of them to start up the moment a strike occurs and adequately fill the places left vacant by the men. Women compositors there are plenty, but not many of high proficiency. Their lack of education is perhaps balanced by other qualities which belong to their sex, and which render them peculiarly fitted for type-setting. But on the other hand their sex is a drawback in many respects. They seldom apply themselves to their work as if it were to be their sole dependence in life, and with a determination to master it in all its details. Before each flits the inevitable perspective of a husband and a home, and her interest in the office becomes only temporary. Moreover, they could scarcely be expected to endure night-work or exposure in the streets by night, and thus again their usefulness is limited. Nevertheless, there is undoubtedly room for improvement, and we are glad that enough women have been found, trained or eager to be trained, to bridge the interval between the beginning and the end of this strike, and indeed to render the strike futile. The training-school instituted by Messrs. Gray & Green is an excellent example which we are glad to praise the ladies of the *Revolution* office for sustaining and extending. In this practical side of the woman question the public will always sympathize, however much craftsmen grumble.

The present status of the printers as a class, compared either with the nature of their work or with their former status, offers a curious social problem. That with the rise and enormous development of the daily press, the augmented production of books and periodicals, the wide diffusion of knowledge, the spread of just and ennobling ideas by reforms of every kind that have found an instrument in the press, the printer has degenerated—has got on, at least, no faster and no further than other mechanics whom schools and newspapers are but just reaching, is certainly amazing. In morals we will not be too positive. Those whose memories go back to the time when printers' "devils" were largely occupied in bringing them "black strap," will perhaps think that money may as well be spent for whiskey as for rum-and-molasses, and with no greater detriment to morals. The proportion of married men among compositors has certainly diminished, and this has done much to unsettle the business and to keep respectable men from entering it. Then the necessity of night-work has received an extraordinary extension from the emergencies of the daily papers, which in gratifying the public thirst for the latest news have redoubled the drain on the physical resources of printers and made it almost impossible for them to do first-class work. The night-work, with the generally irregular habits inseparable from a printing-office, is the fruitful source of dissipation; the want of a stimulus to good workmanship, and the imperative need of help whether good or bad, produce that floating and objectless crowd which every office shuns, and has notwithstanding to endure more or less.

By their lack of fixed habits, the exhaustion of their nervous systems, their default of ambition and self-respect, incapacitated for good work, they are yet by their numbers so formidable that they easily control the better sort, whose lot is less arduous than their own. They inevitably tend to drive the sober and industrious from the trade, and to put the public not less than their employers at the mercy of their caprices.

The remedy for this is not really found when we have driven all men, or all but a very few men, out of the business and turned it over to women and machines. We shall never get rid of night-work; we shall never, like the Continental journals, print this morning's *Times* yesterday afternoon, for the sake of getting through by daylight or of being read at evening in the cafés. Nor shall we, so far as can now be judged, restore apprenticeships in printing any more than in other trades. But it has always seemed to us that sufficient attention had not been given to the comfort and health of printers within the limit of the necessities already enumerated. The engine-room of a large factory is often the most attractive part of the whole establishment, light, airy, cleanly swept and dusted, the brass and steel of the mighty motor polished to brilliancy. In quite other conditions the human machine both in the factory and the printing-office is left to perform its appointed task: in dirty and obscure garrets, crowded and unventilated, with no incentive to be any cleaner than his surroundings, the printer undergoes a process of slow poisoning which begins with the blood and ends by corrupting the whole system. That self-respect and manliness, the sense of something due to the employer, the desire to be perfect in what is one of the most beautiful, as it is almost the most valuable, of the arts, cannot flourish naturally in such a soil, is clear; and the first step to reform would, in our opinion, be to burn up ninety-nine out of every hundred printing-offices and build new ones on sanitary and humanitarian principles. The entrance of women in considerable numbers will perhaps modify these obstacles to the moral influence of the printing-office; but on this side statistical tables and their own experience should remind employers that they have a duty towards their men which cannot be avoided if reason is ever to take the place of strikes.

ENGLAND.

LONDON, January 22, 1869.

SINCE I wrote last the most important topic of public discussion has perhaps been the course adopted by the Ritualists. The decision of the committee of the Privy Council was, as you know, to forbid the practice of lighting candles and of kneeling before the consecrated elements. A large meeting was held in London by members of the party to discuss the proper course to be adopted. The general tone of the meeting was quieter than was expected, and a majority seemed to be decidedly in favor of moderate courses. Of course a great deal was said about the injustice of the decision, and the incompetence of a lay tribunal to decide upon these knotty ecclesiastical questions. The result, however, was that no decisive motion was passed, and it was understood that it should be left to every clergyman to do as seemed good to himself. A good deal of correspondence has subsequently taken place in the newspapers, and the matter seems still to be in suspense. Mr. Orby Shipley—one of the most prominent Ritualists—has asked pathetically, How, if I leave my candles unlighted, can I possibly teach the doctrine of the real presence? The difficulty has almost a comic sound, and yet, considering the position which the Ritualists have taken up, is a very real one. They have been preaching with great energy the symbolical meaning of the various ceremonies which have given offence, and now, at the bidding of a court consisting chiefly of lay judges and acting on the authority of acts of parliament, they are required to abandon them. Certainly the impression upon their congregations might naturally be that in taking down the symbol they abandon some of the doctrine. It is not very easy for a man to haul down his flag and say that he does not surrender. Therefore, in spite of the exhortations from the large body who like to keep things quiet, and the demonstrations that a Christian ought to yield many external matters for the sake of peace, the Ritualists make many mouths over their leak. Mr. Mackonochie, the defendant in the late action, wrote a long letter to the *Times*, in which he took up very passionately the position to which, as is increasingly evident, they are being rapidly driven. He repudiated all authority of the state over the church, and declared, in the unpleasant metaphor used by theological writers, that it was a case of spiritual adultery between mother and son. He added, and certainly it was a moderate conclusion from such a statement, that he should be sincerely grateful if the church was turned adrift from the state, even though stripped of all its property. In short, the Ritualists are rapidly taking up the position to which they are logically bound—that the Church of England

must be separated from the state. At present there is a disposition, more or less avowed, to wait for some stronger pretext; but it is not improbable that such a pretext will soon be given. Mr. Bennett, one of the most conspicuous of the party, is being prosecuted for asserting the doctrine of the real presence. If that should be decided in his favor, there will probably be a respite for some time, and the comparatively trifling matters of mere ritual will be overlooked; if the doctrine as well as the symbol is condemned, it seems probable that matters will be brought to a crisis of which it is very difficult to predict the issue.

The three great church parties have hitherto managed to keep together in a state of more or less repressed animosity. The Evangelical party went through its season of difficulty over twenty years ago, when Mr. Gorham won his case and established the right of the clergy to preach the Low-Church doctrine of the sacraments. The Essayists and Reviewers more lately established a right to say pretty much what they pleased about the inspiration of the Scriptures and everlasting damnation. Almost the only clergyman who has within modern times been expelled for heresy was a Mr. Dunbar Heath, who blundered into a flat contradiction of one of the articles whilst preaching some doctrines about faith, unintelligible, if not to himself, at least to every one else. He would probably have been let alone if he had not shocked the surrounding clergy by casting doubts on the existence of the devil, and so depriving them of one of the most cherished articles of their faith. Hitherto, then, the policy of the Church of England has been practically the widest possible comprehension. In condemning the Ritualists we should for the first time be taking a step towards narrowing its borders and, sooner or later, to the disestablishment of the Church. In a letter recently published, from Mr. Goldwin Smith, I see that he anticipates that ecclesiastical questions will be among the first to stir up political agitation in England. The symptoms which I have noticed give considerable probability to this view of the question, and I think it highly probable that within a year or two we may see the beginning of a struggle far keener and more exciting than that which is now raging in Ireland. The Church of England has in many ways enormous power with the upper classes of society, and an attack upon it would alarm not merely those who have a sincere belief in its doctrines, but all who desire the permanence of the present arrangement of landed property and the security of vested interests generally. It has struck its roots so deeply into the soil that when it falls there will be a great upheaval of the foundations of other things besides churches. That it will fall, and that we shall see the beginning of the process, is an opinion which is daily gaining ground, though it is more difficult to say whether the battle will last for years or for generations.

The public is meanwhile amusing itself with other discussions, generally of rather trifling interest. There has been a remarkable apathy as to the fate of the conference which has been discussing the Eastern difficulty. Few people flatter themselves that they really understand the ins and outs of that ominous and perplexing question, or have any definite view of its merits. Moreover, England has withdrawn itself so decidedly of late years from any participation in the affairs of the Continent that we look on more as outsiders than as directly interested. The Eastern question indeed touches us nearly, and a conflagration in that quarter of the world might end by setting fire to this. The contingency, however, is at present remote, and we are by no means so eager as before the Crimean war to have a share of any hard knocks that may be going. A little controversy that has been raging for some time without creating any great excitement has a bearing on the same subject. Admiral Grey wrote to the *Times* to propose that we should abandon Gibraltar. The more ardent Liberals have frequently advocated this measure as an act of justice to Spain; and as we bestowed the Ionian Islands upon Greece by way of solemnizing their new experiment in constitutional government, it seemed not inappropriate to suggest a similar compliment to the new Spanish empire, monarchy, or republic. You are such promising lads, we should be saying in effect, that you shall keep your own little fortress in future, instead of leaving it in the hands of your elders. However, on looking a little further into this generous offer it seems that there is something more behind. Spain, it was suggested, might make the matter easy by giving us Ceuta in exchange. In short, it turned out that, according to the admiral, Ceuta would really be more convenient to us than Gibraltar. The harbor is better, it is not exposed, as that of Gibraltar will be in future wars, to the fire of long-range cannon, and it might be made sufficiently strong, if not so strong as the celebrated rock, for a moderate expenditure—a few millions or so. In fact, the admiral proposed to do a generous action in order to secure a good bargain. I am no judge of the rival merits of the two fortresses, although the argument seems to preponderate in favor of Gibraltar; but the proposal to

do a sharp stroke of business whilst gaining a little credit for liberality was rather amusing. If we are to abandon Gibraltar, I would rather do it on terms which, if they made our common sense doubtful, would at least show that we were really disinterested.

Another little discussion has excited interest of a more local kind. The Thames embankment is now approaching completion. The result is a really noble work, unapproached by anything done in London in modern times. The grand curve of the Thames makes one of the most picturesque vistas to be seen in any city. Several striking buildings already look down upon it—the Houses of Parliament, Somerset House, the Temple, and St. Paul's all come in effectively from different points of view. Meanwhile, we are about to undertake a work for which immense preparations have been made, and which, if properly carried out, will add a first-rate building to London. A great sum of money, accumulated in the Court of Chancery by a process which I confess is rather mysterious to me, though the money somehow or other seems to belong to nobody in particular, is to be spent on the erection of new and magnificent law courts. A large space of ground was accordingly purchased between the Strand and Lincoln's Inn, and has been cleared of a set of the meanest and dingiest houses to be found in any part of London, or, in other words, in any civilized city. Just as we are about to begin the work, it turns out that the space is so confined and the approaches so difficult that it will be almost impossible to give to the courts due effect. If a larger area is to be bought, the purchase-money would absorb the whole fund that should have been spent on the building before a stone has been laid. Now, it has occurred to Sir C. Trevelyan—a distinguished civil servant of old standing—that a splendid opportunity presents itself of remedying this cost by building our new courts on the ground reclaimed by the embankment. They would still be close to the Inns of Court, and by effecting one or two exchanges of public buildings we should have a legal quarter most conveniently arranged, and a singularly fine addition to the beauties of the metropolis. The embankment would be adorned by a grand Palace of Justice, as our French neighbors would call it, with the common-law barristers in the Temple on the one side and the equity lawyers in Somerset House on the other. Several minor advantages would be obtained, and, in short, we should have a fine set of public buildings in a position of almost unequalled beauty. The prospect is certainly tempting, and if it could only be proved that the expense would not be too great for the advantages promised, it might probably be adopted. Unluckily, we are at this moment, and are likely to be for the present, in a fit of rigid economy. The Government is cheeseparing with considerable vigor, and is likely to look with scant approval upon any plans, however attractive, which involve an increase of expenditure.

The chief resource of the newspapers at the present moment is the series of election trials. So far as we have yet proceeded, the new system seems to give general satisfaction. It is working with much greater expedition than the old plan of committees, and, as the judges sit on the spot, the expenses, though very great, are of less ruinous proportions. The decisions are more imposing than those of the amateur and not too impartial judges who formerly decided; and we may hope that the difficulty of direct corruption has been decidedly increased. Nothing, indeed, has come out of a very startling nature. There are the old stories of the consumption of unlimited beer, which seems to be the favorite mode of influencing the British elector; and at one place we hear of a man in a mask distributing sums of money to the intelligent constituents. At this place, not only the male voters, but their wives and children, appear to have been kept in a constant state of semi-intoxication; and the result was that one voter at least, after consuming many pints of beer at the expense of one candidate, was induced, according to his own account, by reflecting on the names of Martin Luther, Ridley, and Latimer, to vote for the other. It is possible to get a voter into too hopeless a state of mental muddle. Only two decisions have yet been given: one member satisfactorily cleared himself of all imputations; the other was turned out owing to acts of some of his agents, of which it did not appear that he was himself cognizant. As it is very easy not to know too much, it is very desirable that a man should be responsible even for acts of which he is in partial ignorance.

Notes.

LITERARY.

MESSRS. D. APPLETON & Co. have in press "Underground Life; or, Mines and Miners"—which is from the French of M. L. Simonin; "Letters of a Sentimental Idler," by Harry Harewood Leech; and "Hawaii: The Past,

Present, and Future of the Island Kingdom," by Mr. Manley Hopkins, who has been, and we believe still is, the English consul-general at the Sandwich Islands. The Bishop of Oxford writes a preface for the book. Almost immediately this house will begin the publication of their weekly paper, which will be called *Appleton's Journal of Popular Literature, Science, and Art*. It will be as large as *Harper's Weekly*, will contain as a serial Victor Hugo's new novel, will be illustrated, will give with each number a detached picture—a steel engraving or a cartoon on wood—will devote much attention to education and educational books, and will pay more attention to science than is paid by any of the merely popular journals. —Messrs. D. & J. Sadlier & Co. will publish "The Ghost-Hunter and his Family," by Michael Banim.—We may mention here, what we should have mentioned some time ago, that Mr. Patrick Donahoe, of Boston, has published a volume which it may interest some persons to have, now that they can get it without paying for it its highest price: we refer to John Henry Newman's poetry, which Mr. Donahoe publishes under the title of "Occasional Pieces." —Messrs. John Wiley & Son announce "Free Town Libraries: their Formation, Working, and Results, in Britain, France, Germany, and America," by Mr. Edward Edwards.—"E. Foxton" is the well-known pseudonym of a New England lady who has already once ventured into the field of fiction and had a tolerable success with "Hermann; or, Young Knighthood." She is now announced by Messrs. J. B. Lippincott & Co. to write a novel entitled "Agnes Wentworth." The same house will begin in the July number of their magazine a new novel by Mr. Anthony Trollope.—Messrs. Sever, Francis & Co. are publishing a new edition of a book for which there will be some considerable demand—Mrs. Shelley's "Frankenstein," of which everybody has heard, and which but few people have ever happened upon.

—We observe that Mr. William A. Wheeler, well known as a lexicographer, both independently and in connection with the rival dictionaries of Webster and Worcester, has obtained the fit and congenial appointment of General Assistant in the Boston Public Library. The eighth number of the *Bulletin*, in which his name appears for the first time, has for its principal object the cataloguing of "Books placed in the library, or newly located, during the months of November and December, 1868." On the back of the title is a list of "Duplicates in American History" which are offered in exchange (in kind?), and there is an appeal made for pamphlets, which will be sent for at the expense of the library. Mr. F. W. Christern, we believe, takes charge of such contributions from this city. Towards the end of the *Bulletin* is another list of "Deficiencies in American Periodicals," and in Almanacs; and on the last page are enumerated several embossed books for the blind (the gift of Mr. George Ticknor), which will be increased, it is stated, if the demand warrants it. Finally, to show the liberal spirit in which this noble institution is carried on, we shall quote the following standing announcement:

"A particular privilege is, in this Library, accorded to all persons desiring any book not in its possession, of asking, on blanks furnished for the purpose, that it may be immediately purchased; and the assurance is given that, unless there is some special reason why it should not be ordered, it will be procured as soon as possible, and the applicant will be notified of its reception. If duplicates are asked for, they will be ordered, provided our records show a circulation of the present copies to warrant such additions."

These *Bulletins* are sold at the library for two cents each; but there are hundreds of persons in all parts of the country who would gladly pay fifty cents or more for a year's subscription to so useful a mirror of current literature in every branch of human knowledge.

—Carl Knortz, who has for some time been engaged in studying the antiquities and languages of our North American Indians, with special reference to their legends and folk-lore, tells in *Die Welt* of this city (Jan. 1, 8) how he made an excursion to Lake Superior in the summer of 1867, and spent several days among the Ojibways at Sault Ste. Marie, picking up what stories he could of Hiawatha, who there goes by the name of Menabusho. He found that Mr. Longfellow had not exhausted this field, and he reproduces the characteristic though not striking tales of the hero which a squaw of some hundred snows, on the Canadian side of the straits, delivered to him in return for a piece of chewing-tobacco. To these the chief Shawano—who lived on a little island in the midst of the rapids, and to whom the writer brought letters of introduction from his step-son, an American lawyer—could contribute nothing; but his account of the origin of his tribe, and the reason why they settled in the neighborhood of the rapids, is as good as anything that came from the female centenarian. "The Ojibways," he declared, "dwelt formerly in heaven. Then on a time the Great Spirit let fly a pair of them, in crows' shape, to the earth; and these

two flew through the whole world, tasting as they went the flesh of the buffalo, the bear, the beaver, the deer, and of other animals; but as they perceived from the flavor of each that it was doomed in the lapse of years to extinction they would not alight in any of their lands. After they had thus flown about the earth for a long while, they came to the rapids, tasted the fish there, and discovered that these would never be diminished. Accordingly, they alighted on the spot where the fort now stands, and as soon they had touched the earth with their feet they suddenly became a human pair."

—The famous pipe-stone quarry in Minnesota, from which the Indians have from time immemorial procured the material for their pipes—the stone being of an unusual color, that of the Indians themselves—is well described in an interesting paper in the *American Naturalist* for February. Catlin was the first white man to visit the spot, as he declares in his "Last Rambles among the Indians of the Rocky Mountains and the Andes" (New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1867); and he gives some details of the "stone medicine-man" and other curiosities within a radius of twenty miles from the quarry, not mentioned by the writer in the *Naturalist*, who gives, however, a much better idea of the quarry than Catlin does. Passing over the other entertaining articles and miscellany of the *Naturalist*, we are happy to republish its announcement that Dr. A. S. Packard, Jr., assisted by Dr. J. L. Le Conte, Mr. S. H. Scudder, Baron R. O. Sacken, Mr. P. R. Uhler, and other specialists, will undertake, with sufficient encouragement, to produce an entomologist's annual for 1868, or, as it will formally be called: "Year Book of Progress in American Entomology." It will be duodecimo in size, and should appear in the spring. If three hundred names are sent in, five hundred copies will be printed. They are requested in advance, at seventy-five cents a copy, addressed to W. S. West, Peabody Academy of Science, Salem, Mass. Though this work is designed for the students of insect life, it deserves the support also of the class who are most benefited by the labors of these gentlemen: we mean the farmers.

—Among the several stenographic publications which we receive from time to time, we have been most pleased with *The Rapid Writer*, published at Mendon, Mass. The quarterly issue for Jan. 15 indicates that the system devised by the editor, Mr. D. P. Lindsley, has maintained itself in the face of many obstacles, and we are particularly glad of this because it is the only system which ever seemed to us practicable for general use and for instruction in our common schools. The desideratum has been: a system at once rational, simple, and uniform, which any intellect could master that could master the alphabet and the spelling-book, and proficiency in the practice of which should depend chiefly on diligent application. We do not say that Mr. Lindsley's method accomplishes all this; from a superficial examination of it, some years ago, we came to a different conclusion; but he gave us hopes of seeing the need supplied, and really took a considerable step in that direction. He dispenses with lines, for instance; all his characters mean one thing, however written with reference to those which precede or follow. Then he has carefully adopted them in such a way as to make those signs horizontal which are most in use—an evident economy which no other system has sought after. Of other details we are not competent to speak, but the author seems to have gone to work in the right way. That he enables a student to dispense with a teacher we think doubtful; he may not profess to do so. Any one who has dabbled alone in phonography will testify to the embarrassment of choice caused by the duplication of signs according to situation, the consequent disagreement between the same word as written one day and written the next, and the desire, not to say the necessity, that is felt for an arbiter and director. Perhaps absolute uniformity is not compatible with speed in writing, but if by this we understand reporter's speed, the objection is slight. The value of the reform will be not in enabling everybody to take down stump-speeches on the spot, but in saving a vast amount of time and labor in the ordinary writing of everyday life—a great matter, if only a third of what we now expend. By uniformity we gain this: that all who have been trained to the system can read the writing of other people as readily and as certainly as their own; printers, for example, will compose straight from the reporter's note-books, instead of requiring him to translate it into the common hand.

—Mr. Hepworth Dixon, after several encounters with accepted historical traditions, and as many more or less successful attempts to set up *a priori* theories, has entered the lists with those who have sought to reconstruct Shakespeare's character and training from his plays. And as some have proved the poet a lawyer bred, others a merchant, others a Catholic, etc., Mr. Dixon lays his finger on a certain text and makes Shakespeare a

Puritan. He first rescues from monkish aspersion the character of Sir John Oldcastle, an early martyr of the Reformation, whom Shakespeare took as his lay figure in modelling Falstaff, and whose name even he retained for the first representations of the play in which the fat knight was brought upon the stage. Subsequently, he would seem to have repented, substituting Falstaff's name for Oldcastle's, and taking pains to say, in the Epilogue to the Second Part of *Henry the Fourth*, where he promises a continuance of the story, "with Sir John in it," who may likely "die of a sweat, unless he be killed with your hard opinions"—"for Oldcastle died a martyr, and this is not the man." Hence Mr. Dixon concludes: "The man who wrote that confession in the days of Archbishop Whitgift is a Puritan in faith." Protestant would perhaps be a closer inference, though if either really covers Shakespeare there will be few of his admirers to grumble at it. Mr. Dixon's argument will be found in his volume called "Her Majesty's Tower."

—Our readers will hardly expect of us a formal review of that Welsh book of poems whose title we gave a fortnight since, "*Gemau Llwyfo*," or, as we may render it, "*Llwyfo Gems*," being selections from the Principal Compositions and Songs of Llew Llwyfo [Lewis W. Lewis]. (Utica: T. J. Griffiths.) It will be sufficient, we trust, to refer to articles on Welsh poetry in the *Nation* of March 8 and Dec. 20, 1866, and to say that the poems contained in this volume have for the most part carried off prizes at the national Eistedfod, or bardic tournament, in the mother country, and that the author is an ardent champion of the new or Carmarthen school of metres, as his controversial and rather egotistic preface informs the reader. In order to show, however, that the freedom which he demands for the bard is not an excuse for inability to handle the old metres, he gives a few specimens of what he can do with them in the way of consonantal jingling, and affords us, at least, all the satisfaction on that head that we require. The strong pieces of this collection are two epics: one national, "*Gwenhwyfar*," and the other scriptural, "*David, King of Israel*," with fragments of two other long poems on "*Arthur of the Round Table*" and "*Elijah the Tishbite*." Of the minor poems in addition to these, especially the songs, little can be said in comparison. The former exhibit a remarkable command of language, dramatic power, constructive genius, and wealth of imagery, characteristic of the genuine poet. In artistic form and in real merit "*David*" will bear the palm over "*Gwenhwyfar*," but falls behind it in popular interest, and will probably not endure so long. "*Gwenhwyfar*" celebrates the virtues, trials, and misfortunes of King Arthur's queen. As Mr. Lewis prefers blank-verse to the old national metres, it is difficult to compare him with other Cambrian poets, but all things considered he would seem to have claim to no less a rank than first among those whom Wales has produced in the last hundred years.

—The censorship in France, which regulates what may or may not be sold at railway bookstalls, was recently reported to have proscribed the Erckmann-Chatrian series, for no other reason that could be surmised than the feeling against war which *Le Conscrit*, *Madame Thérèse*, *L'Invasion*, and *Waterloo* would be apt to excite in the French bosom. This, by the way, was not an absurd conjecture. M. Frédéric Passy, who has been addressing the working-men and other citizens of Eastern France on the subject of political economy, with great approbation, embraced Geneva in his tour, where, as the report says, "*plus libre qu'en France, il avait pu parler sur la paix*"—that is, over the border, he felt at liberty to speak of peace. However, the admirable novels of the twin authors have not been thrown out of the market, but the censorship has shown itself in another direction. M. Paul Albert, one of the lecturers at the Sorbonne to the ladies admitted by M. Duruy's famous provision for secondary instruction, recently had occasion to criticise Bossuet for narrowness in his views of the human race, and to oppose to him Voltaire as among the first to group nations under one family and preach their solidarity. Some of the mothers who accompanied their daughters to these lectures, being shocked by this rather harmless doctrine, made such representations to the Empress as that M. Duruy was compelled to censure M. Albert, whereupon the professor at once resigned.

—M. Duruy, when left to himself, prefers making professors to unmaking them. In July last he launched out the scheme of a "Practical School for the Higher Branches (*hautes études*)," which was to supplement the purely theoretical instruction of the schools already existing. Like the School of Fine Arts, which consists of a large number of distinct *ateliers*, this "*École pratique*" would not be confined to any one building. In November, feeling emboldened, and counting 264 pupils already in his four sections, the Minister ventured to order the institution of a fifth, "compris-

ing the economic sciences," or, as he rightly prefers to call them, "economics"—whether political, industrial, financial, or other. In accounting for the lamentable neglect of political economy in France, M. Duruy referred to Quesnay, one of the "physiocrats," as the founder of the science, which therefore becomes "toute française." He then contrasted the thoroughness and detail with which it is taught in the German universities, did scanty justice to the actual French teaching of it, affirmed that economics were learned in France chiefly by practical experience, and that, destitute of the guidance of science, men were constantly shipwrecked by rash enterprises or swamped by routine. He concluded by praying the Emperor to create a second chair of political economy in the Collège de France—"for the history of economical facts and doctrines." To this the incumbent of the present chair, M. Michel Chevalier, objects as delicately as he can, showing what a reflection it is upon his professorship, which ought properly to include the scope of the proposed chair. The *Journal des Economistes* also points to the superfluity of this establishment, which by right should have been bestowed on the Sorbonne. It reminds M. Duruy of his unsatisfactory experiment in the same direction with the programme of secondary instruction, and concludes, for its part, that "it is not the higher studies, but the primary and intermediate," which are lacking in the public instruction relative to the economic sciences.

—What we said last week of the Athenian fondness for newspapers is quite overshadowed by the account given by the Madrid correspondent of the London *Times* of a similar passion at that capital. He states that there are sixty political journals published there, and that their number is constantly increasing. Their circulation in the provinces is insignificant, and it is reckoned that at least 150,000 copies are daily sold and consumed in the city itself. Even diminishing this number by one-third, and allowing the number of citizens able to read to be one in ten instead of one in seventeen, there will still be an average consumption of three and a third newspapers *per caput*. The fact agrees with the natural inference, that it takes several of these newspapers to make one good one, and several, we should add, to make an expensive one. For tenpence one can have his paper for a month delivered at his own door. The dispersion of talent implied in the active existence of so many papers affects of course the quality of all, and they are in fact edited less in the interest of the public than of their proprietors, who use them as means to political advancement. One, the most popular and widely circulated of all, the *Correspondencia*, which is no dearer than the rest, has gained the chief editor a fortune. It is in the strictest sense a newspaper, and a hotch-potch at that: a mass of disarranged, undigested items from all parts of the world, in which contradictions, nonsense, error, and falsehood are jumbled indiscriminately with truthful reports. This extraordinary publication, which is besides of dirty and illegible typography, is published between nine and ten o'clock at night, and the temporary revival of the day's bustle which occurs when the edition begins to be hawked about at that naturally quiet and drowsy hour is one of the most curious customs of the Spanish capital. The paper is with good reason called the "Nightcap."

In last week's paper, in the piece of correspondence on "The Financial Tendencies of the Labor Movement," there is a proof-corrector's blunder so bad that we suppose most of our readers set it right without trouble. "Lowe" is to be read for "Leves" wherever the name occurs.

DEAN'S HISTORY OF CIVILIZATION.*

If the execution of the late Mr. Dean's "History of Civilization" were as good as the general plan, it would be a valuable contribution to literature. To take the various elements of civilization in their "envelopment," to use his rather awkward expression, and show how one after another they have been individually developed in the course of history, as is sketched in the introduction, is a good leading idea for a historian, and in the hands of a competent person might have resulted in a noble work. But Mr. Dean neither had the scholarship nor the grasp for an undertaking of this magnitude.

He had, in the first place, no sense of the weight of authorities; a glance at the citations at the foot of the several pages is enough to show that we need not look here for the latest and best that is known in regard to these nations. To take a single example: on the vexed question of early Italian ethnology, the sole authority quoted is Prichard, who is of course a high

authority wherever physical evidences are to be weighed, but none at all in a field where these count for very little, and historical testimony is chiefly to be appealed to. But Mr. Dean alludes to no other writer—not even Niebuhr and Otfried Müller, much less Lepsius and Mommsen. These pages, therefore, are altogether worthless. The inhabitants of Italy are divided into three "departments"—the Umbrians, the Etruscans, and "the inhabitants of Italy south of the Tiber"—although nothing is more certain than that the Umbrians formed one race with the Southern Italians. Just below it is stated categorically that "the first colonists were the Pelasgi," although nearly all scholars have now rejected Niebuhr's hypothesis. A page about the Etruscans follows, ending with the assertion that, as to their language, "all that can be safely inferred is that it belonged to the class of Indo-European languages"—an assertion which is at best a very doubtful inference from very scanty data. The most important fact of Italian ethnology, which has been accepted for years, is wholly ignored—that the various Italian nations (always excepting the Etruscans, and the Greek and Gallic colonists of historical times, probably excepting also the shadowy Iapygians) formed one cognate race, or rather one branch of the Indo-European race, itself subdivided into Umbrians, Oscans, Sabines, Latins, etc.

Mr. Dean's second defect as a historian of civilization is a lack of the sense of the relation of facts to each other, whether in regard to their comparative importance or to their bearing upon historical continuity. A sufficiently full account of manners and customs, religion, art, etc., is given, but all in the catalogue style. Important and trivial matters receive about the same degree of prominence, nor are they handled in such a way as to lead of themselves to the general deductions which he desires to make. These reflections form separate paragraphs, in which the author philosophizes upon facts, but always from a very narrow and commonplace point of view. Each nation is treated as if it were wholly independent of others; it does not seem to have occurred to him to show how the civilization of one worked upon that of its neighbors; that is, how civilization spread from one to another. Neither have we any hint of the rich truths of philosophy that the patient toil of the present generation has brought to light.

For instance, whoever would study the history of civilization from its earliest beginnings, would naturally, one would think, master first of all the results of comparative philology as to the earliest condition of the Indo-European nations. The truths of comparative mythology, as brought out by Max Müller; the interesting development, by Mommsen and others, of the stages of advancement occupied by the several branches of this great race at the successive epochs of their dispersion; the nature of the primeval patriarchal institutions, as described by Maine—such discussions as these indicate the line of enquiry which is alone worthy of a student of the nineteenth century. But of all this Mr. Dean seems utterly ignorant. If he undertakes to search into primitive manners at all, it is in a description of the Tartar tribes of Central Asia—an interesting theme, but one which has hardly anything to do with his subject; for civilization, as we possess it, is not descended from Tartar society, nor, so far as we are in a condition to judge, from anything resembling it.

It is not surprising, therefore, that the chapter on Egyptian religion is silent upon the influence of this religion upon that of the Hebrews, and through this upon humanity. Such vital investigations as these seem entirely out of his ken. For instance, he says (p. 402) that "no ancient papyri have yet been discovered that would throw much light upon" the philosophy of the Egyptians; apparently he had never heard of the translation of the "Book of the Dead." In like manner we are not surprised at the assertion (p. 668) that "the religious system of Phœnicia exerted little influence in historic times on the belief of other nations," although it is notorious that its influence upon the Greeks was very marked. We are, however, rather surprised to meet on the same page, following some ten pages of Phœnician mythology, the assertion that the philosophy of this people was atheistic, and that "there exists no trace of a belief in God as an intellectual principle distinct from matter."

It is in keeping with the general character of this book that in treating of primeval times all the early records are accepted without question, just as they have stood in school-books; and that we have a somewhat detailed account of the siege of Troy, "about B.C. 1184," just as if Wolf and Grote had never written. Granting its exact truth, it is hard to see what it has to do with a history of civilization. It is probable that the later volumes of this history, when the author comes to stand on firmer ground and treat of better ascertained facts, will be more satisfactory; for much of the present detail is very well done, and many of the defects are such as are peculiarly glaring in the treatment of primitive epochs. But it is in every respect a pity that Mr. Dean chose to reserve his work from publication until

* "The History of Civilization. By Amos Dean, LL.D." [In seven volumes. Vol. I. Albany, N. Y.: Joel Munsell. 1863.] 8vo, pp. 693.

it was completed. This first volume is hardly above the standard of the scholarship of thirty years ago, when it was first written; judicious criticism upon the several volumes as they appeared might have taught him something of the requirements of a historian of the present day, and have resulted in a work more worthy of his really fine powers and his pure ambition. Yet among these requirements must surely be reckoned an acquaintance with the leading modern European languages and the ability to verify in the original any passage of a translated work. Now, there fell into our hands the catalogue of our deceased author's library as it was offered for sale. It was evidently the store from which he had drawn the materials for his history, whose scope is world-wide; and yet, to our surprise—not merely on account of the author, but also and first on the scholar's account—it contained, with the exception of some venerable rubbish of Latin or Greek, not a single work printed in a foreign tongue. Such a fact is sufficient to stamp the possessor as incapable of grappling with the problem he has approached. Neither science nor philosophy nowadays can get on with a single crutch.

SMILES'S LIFE OF GEORGE STEPHENSON.*

WHEN George the Third was King, an English country physician used to drive about Lichfield in an old, bespattered sulky crammed with books, sweetmeats, and the massive form of its owner, Dr. Erasmus Darwin. As he went round among his patients he used to scribble poetry or speculate on botany, æsthetics, mental philosophy, and mechanics. He wrote a deal of mellifluous verse. All who have read his "Loves of the Plants" remember

"How the young rose in beauty's damask pride
Drinks the warm blushes of his bashful bride;
With honeyed lips enamored woodbines meet,
Clasp with fond arms, and mix their kisses sweet."

And in similar strains he portrayed the glories which he firmly believed were in store for ballooning and steam locomotion. Darwin corresponded with Benjamin Franklin concerning a model of a fire-engine that Boulton, of Birmingham, had sent to London for Franklin's inspection, and—his sanguine and speculative mind inflamed by the idea of a locomotive—he used up, riding in his sulky, large store of scraps of paper in embodying his suggestions as to the construction of the "fiery chariot." For one not a mechanic they were really remarkable.

This was in 1765. But already, in 1759, Robinson, of Glasgow, produced a model of a carriage driven by steam-power. In 1769, Cugnot, in Paris, constructed such a machine, which "ran against a stone wall that stood in its way and threw it down." His carriage had power enough, but was unmanageable. Although he improved it, he obtained no results, and it may still be seen in Paris at the "Arts et Métiers." Meantime, Moore, in London, gave notice of the invention of a similar machine. James Watt, in 1784, took out a patent for the application of steam-power to purposes of locomotion. Wm. Murdock made a model of a steam locomotive in 1781. Then came Symington and Sadler, called by Watt "hunters of shadows." Symington not only made a practical model of a land locomotive, but in 1801 built and ran the *Charlotte Dundas* by steam on the Forth and Clyde Canal. He died in London, so poor that he was buried without a stone to mark his grave. Then came that genius, Richard Trevithick, who, after various successful experiments with land locomotives, applied and completed the first railway (tram-road) locomotive on the 21st of February, 1804. It drew for a distance of nine miles ten tons of bar-iron at the rate of five and a half miles an hour. A romantic history that of Trevithick. On the verge of unlimited wealth in Peru, we next see him escaping across the vast expanse of desert to Cartagena, where, gaunt, starving, and in rags, he meets a strange Englishman—Robert Stephenson! Trevithick accomplished extraordinary things. He made the first railway locomotive, introduced the cylindrical boiler and high-pressure engine, invented the oscillating engine and a screw propeller. These are but a part of his triumphs. Never did career so fully give the lie to that senseless and immoral maxim, "Success is the test of merit." He died in 1833, and but for the charity of friends would have been buried by the parish.

The milestones of progress in the history of this branch of mechanics are the grave-stones of those who fell by the wayside in the race for success. Few of the modern triumphs of science have had so unpromising, so halting a development as the steam locomotive; and Mr. Smiles's book is, really, its biography, which necessarily includes the biographies of scores of men

—the history of struggling genius and crushed hopes, of unrequited labors and disappointed ambitions. As you look upon the modern Prometheus, the locomotive of our day, the huge iron creature almost instinct with life, you might almost imagine that in its streams of fiery sparks, its deep sobs, its convulsive screams, its clouds of white smoke, you see its creators' flashes of genius, hear their sighs of sorrowful regret, and behold in that column of misty vapor a fit emblem of their vanished dreams of triumph. Slow, halting, failing, again beginning, the unsuccessful invention of one age is perfected in another. Every screw, rod, plate, and piston of the modern machine may be said to have its separate inventor and perfecter—or a dozen of them—and the locomotive, as Robert Stephenson said, is "not the invention of one man, but of a nation of mechanical engineers." One may see at Baltimore the first locomotive used on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. It was made by George Stephenson in 1832. That machine is the half-way house in the history of the locomotive. It looks strangely to our eyes of 1868, but it was a marvel thirty-six years ago.

Then the development of the railway itself, likewise slow, is also interesting. Wooden rails were employed in 1630 by one Mr. Beaumont, who lost £30,000 in the enterprise, and, as the chronicle has it, "rode home upon his light horse." Indeed, Mr. Smiles contrives to interest one equally in the railway, the locomotive, and in George Stephenson, whose biography possesses every element of interest. The son of a collier, a poor laborer himself—so poor that when his wages were raised to twelve shillings a week he announced to his fellow-workmen that he was "now a made man for life"—this illiterate pitman raised himself by his honesty, industry, sagacity, and talents to rank with those of whom his country may be proudest. Everything about the man engages our sympathy, compels our esteem, and enlists our admiration. Mr. Smiles has done his subject entire justice, and well placed before us the admirable character of the honest Northumbrian—his simplicity, his great heart, his intellectual perseverance, his admirable intelligence—an intelligence that was not bounded by the horizon of railways and locomotives. "Buckland," said Stephenson, one Sunday morning as he stood on a hill with the great geologist watching the stream of white smoke tossed out by a rapid locomotive—"Buckland, I have a poser for you. Can you tell me what is the power that is driving that train?" "Well, I suppose it is one of your big engines." "But what drives the engine?" "Oh! very likely a canny Newcastle driver." "What do you say to the light of the sun?" "How can that be?" asked Buckland. "It is nothing else," said Stephenson. "It is light bottled up in the earth for tens of thousands of years; light absorbed by plants and vegetables, being necessary for the condensation of carbon during the process of their growth, if it be not carbon in another form; and now, after being buried in the earth for long ages in fields of coal, that latent light is again brought forth and liberated, and made to work, as in that locomotive, for great human purposes."

CURRENT FRENCH LITERATURE.*

WE find deportment in books as well as in men. Mr. Turveydrop was a deportment. So also was His Royal Highness the Prince Regent. A "deportment" is a humbug—always hollow, often vicious, sometimes both. Here we have "De l'Organisation Sociale, par Ch. Barre (Comte De La Garde)"—a handsome 8vo volume of five hundred pages published at the "Imprimerie et Librairie Générale de Jurisprudence," Paris, 1868; white paper, ample margin, clear type, bound in Turkey morocco, but yet a literary and typographical "deportment;" certainly hollow, and not altogether virtuous. The first chapter opens thus: "Man is a mixture of two elements; he is at once material and immaterial. In this he resembles every animal that breathes here below." "The material element asserts and develops itself in him sooner than the immaterial. This phenomenon likewise shows itself among beasts." "Man, presuming that the other animals do not understand each other by signs, or by the inflection of their cry or song, assumes generally that speech is the great gulf that separates him from the beast." Our author proposes (p. 200) that there should be two kinds of marriage, temporary and definitive: the first for five years, the second permanent. We pass on.

"Si j'étais Reine, par Marie de Solms." The authoress is Madame Rattazzi, wife of the Italian ex-Minister of State, and formerly Madame Wyse, née Marie Bonaparte. The book is descriptive and biographic, but not a success.

"L'Astronomie Moderne, par W. de Fonvielle. Paris, 1868." Not so much a scientific disquisition as a talk on matters astronomical, in the

* "The Life of George Stephenson, and of his son Robert Stephenson; comprising a History of the Invention and Introduction of the Railway Locomotive. By Samuel Smiles." Second, revised edition. New York: Harper & Bros. 1868. 8vo, pp. 496.

* The works noticed may be had at F. W. Christern's, New York.

course of which the author expresses his dissatisfaction at the manner in which astronomy is cultivated in France—"l'insuffisance de l'astronomie nationale"—and presents quite a formidable indictment against the officials charged with the interests of astronomical science. He complains specially of what he calls idolatry of La Place, whose *Mécanique Céleste* is "that dry, false, and incomplete dogmatism under which we are crushed." Every year the first graduate of the École Polytechnique receives at the hands of the President of the Institute a magnificent copy of the works of La Place. And, says our author, they would send to Charenton (insane asylum) any one who might arise in the audience and with truth cry out, "Wretched man! what have you done? Do you not see that you have given that youth a *dead book*, loaded with dead formulas with which, unfortunately, his memory is already overcrowded, and which will prevent him from understanding the true philosophy of nature?"

"A Travers les Espagnes"—for the author finds several Spains: Catalonia, Valencia, Alicante, Murcia, and Castile. This is not precisely a book of travels, but of dreamingly descriptive letters written while journeying; some nice pen-pictures and charming bits of sentiment—evidently a woman's writing.

"Espagne. Traditions, Mœurs et Littérature, par Antoine De Latour." We remember "Études sur l'Espagne," by the same author, published some ten years ago. Few writers on Spain are better qualified for the task than M. De Latour. Long residence in the country (he went there as secretary to the Duke of Montpensier) and thorough study of its history, literature, and traditions have made him familiar with every subject of interest in the peninsula. His volumes are all interesting, although, perhaps, a trifle too scholastic for the general reader.

At no distant day, when the furor as to California and Australia shall have abated, and fresh outlets are sought for the enterprise and redundant population of Europe, it is probable that Asia Minor will be the first country to attract attention; and there are reasons why it should. It is a peninsula larger than Spain and Portugal, rich in natural resources and commanding in geographical position, with an admirable coast-line on the Mediterranean, the Greek Archipelago, and the Black Sea. It was one of the cradles of civilization, of empires, and of religion, and is now but a dreary waste, sparsely populated by three millions of wretched inhabitants. Nevertheless, it was once covered with large cities and the noisy routes of commerce, and contained the richest of all the Roman provinces. Plutarch tells us that, after the defeat of Mithridates by Sylla, Asia Minor in two years paid the Romans a military tax of 120,000 talents of silver—almost equal to \$150,000,000 gold. Our moderns have done something grand in that line too. France paid the Allies (in 1814-15) a thousand millions of francs, besides the support of from 400 to 500,000 soldiers. Gibbon estimated the annual revenue of Asia Minor at four million and a half pounds sterling. Considering the relative value of the precious metals to-day, these sums should be doubled in order to obtain a correct idea of the actual amount. On these data, and making an approximate calculation on the relative basis of taxation and people, the population of Asia Minor under the Romans must have been about twenty millions. Livy names four cities that under the Consul Manlius furnished in one summer 14,000 bushels of grain, and money equivalent to \$200,000. On the sites of these four cities now stand as many wretched hamlets, which together could not furnish a hundred bushels of grain and a hundred dollars in money. In former days cotton, the olive, the mulberry, and all the orchard fruits flourished. We know it is the country of the vine, but its extirpation was part of the religion of the Turk. Its present small population is demoralized and scattered among ruins, deserts, and morasses. Such are some of the salient features in the picture drawn of this once flourishing region by M. P. de Tchihatcheff in his most interesting "Une Page sur l'Orient." He claims that Asia Minor can yet be restored to more than her ancient prosperity. The means proposed would be the direction thither of a stream of European emigration. The advantages of such an emigration over trans-Atlantic emigration are pointed out. Of course, the "sick man" of Constantinople is very much in the way of such a plan, and the long-enduring "Eastern question" must first be solved.

"Révélations sur l'Intervention Française en Mexique, de 1866 à 1867," is one of a long list of books concerning the Franco-Mexican catastrophe, which must be rather lugubrious reading for the subjects of the third Napoleon. M. F. de La Barreyrie, the author, for three years chief editor of the *Journal d'Orizaba*, had excellent opportunities for observation. He declares that the Mexican question must not be left silent and forgotten in France, and that a "liquidation" is indispensable for the honor of the French Government. Much fault is found with General Forey for the

delay in the advance of the French army upon the capital. Disembarked September 22, he should have been in Puebla October 15, and in Mexico November 5, even supposing his entire march to have been one long combat. Sixty days were spent in the siege of Puebla, and he did not reach Mexico until June. He was only then ready to open a campaign in the interior which should have been already closed—the favorable season there for a campaign being from October to May. Then the rains begin, the roads become bad, and the country unhealthy. Our author compares the withdrawal of the French to a "*saute qui peut*," more resembling a rout than an orderly retreat. "The United States had said *Va-t'en!* and to show its obedience, the French army did not wait for the period fixed upon for abandoning Mexico." Intervention, so bold in 1863, was frightened in 1866. "A single word from the United States sent the army back to France much quicker than it came, and it sought Vera Cruz by forced marches, abandoning everything likely to embarrass the wild retreat (*retraite échevelée*). It was followed by crowds of men, women, and children (French) forced to leave Mexico. "*C'était une grande débâcle humaine, qui faisait pleurer des larmes de sang.*" Such was the precipitation that enormous values in property were abandoned. At Orizaba thousands of loads of corn, barley, straw, and droves of cattle were left behind. Powder in large quantities was thrown in the gutters, bombs and grenades destroyed, the hospital at Orizaba, worth 200,000 francs, given away for 20,000 francs—one item alone of its medical stores, 80 pounds of quinine, was worth 58,000 francs; clothing, harness, and wagons given away; horses sacrificed—one lot of 200 Arabian mules sold for 500 francs, many of which cost 5,000 francs each. But the most remarkable, as well as the most humiliating, incident in this series of misfortunes was the extent of desertion from the ranks. The author of the latest work on New Mexico ("2,000 Miles on Horseback") speaks of the large numbers of deserters from the French ranks then (1866) seen in New Mexico and Texas, and who had left the French corps that penetrated as far north as Chihuahua. But M. Barreyrie gives us a more sombre picture of the demoralization of the French army when he tells us of crowds of soldiers who not only deserted their flag during hostilities, but turned their backs on France when ordered home and were found in the Juarez ranks, firing on their own comrades and countrymen! Desertion in the French army is a much more serious affair than in ours. It is punished, as it should be, by death. During our late rebellion, an ill-timed clemency, the presence of foreign elements in our ranks without attachment to our cause or to our flag, and the sympathy of a large disloyal civil element, almost encouraged the crime. In the French army it is different. Discipline is better and the dishonor attached to desertion greater. Not one man of the thousands who deserted in Mexico dares again put his foot on his native soil, any more than if he were an escaped convict. And yet, in the face of these consequences, the French desertion in Mexico, as revealed by M. Barreyrie, is startling. Following the army the road was strewn with arms and equipments, abandoned as though in complete rout, and you met groups of soldiers, some with, some without arms, sadly expatriating themselves in dishonor—*qui les larmes aux yeux tournaient le dos à la France*. As the French left Orizaba it was occupied by General Gomez (of the Juarez army) with an escort of eight cavalymen, of whom five were French deserters (p. 24). The main assault on Puebla (April 3) of the Juarez army, under Porfirio Diaz, was made by a body of French deserters in the Mexican ranks (p. 66). A detachment of Juarez's cavalry charged into Vera Cruz. "It is sad to be obliged to relate that Frenchmen headed it (p. 25)." The secretary of Porfirio Diaz was a Frenchman (p. 45). "Hundreds of millions have been spent, French blood has been shed throughout Mexico, and our army rolls are covered with that disgraceful stain—*couverts de cette honteuse maculation—deserter!*" (p. 97). M. Barreyrie, in order to show that Mr. Secretary Seward might have saved Maximilian's life, had he chosen so to do, quotes Mr. Dominech. If Mr. Dominech is not better authority in modern history than in Mexican archaeology, the citation is not a happy one. M. Barreyrie's little volume of 115 pages, although highly interesting, is fragmentary and wanting in method.

"Recherches sur la Géologie de l'Égypte et le Canal Maritime de Suez, par P. Cazalis de Fondouce." The Suez Canal is the competitor of our Pacific Railroad in the race for the commerce of China and the Indies. It is, therefore, a subject of deep interest for Americans. This enterprise of to-day is, in its origin, the oldest in the world. Arab tradition carries it back to the period of the first journey into Egypt of Abraham with Sarah his wife. Aristotle, Diodorus Siculus, Strabo, and Pliny, all relate that the Pharaohs, Darius, and even Ptolemy, discontinued the work because they were satisfied that the Red Sea was higher than Egypt. Strange to say, this ancient error was confirmed by the French *savans* who accompanied Napoleon to Egypt

and who reported a difference of ten metres—about 30 feet—between the two seas, and in favor of the Red Sea. La Place said they were wrong, and maintained, *a priori*, that there was no difference of level. Subsequent geodesical research confirms the correctness of his theory. One hundred miles of sand separate Port Said, on the Mediterranean, from Suez, at the head of the northern end of the Red Sea. Enormous works are in course of construction at either end. Fifty miles, or one-half of the canal, one hundred yards wide and twenty-six feet deep, is already finished to its full size, and M. Lesseps asks but two years more for the full completion of the work. Five hundred tons of sand drifted every day into the canal from the desert, and the enormous mud deposits at Port Said are the two great obstacles to contend with. The English transports for troops already use the canal, and its receipts in 1857 were about \$260,000. M. Fondouce's work is an excellent one, but those who are specially interested in the geological questions connected with the canal will find a more valuable book in the "Studi scientifici" of Figari-Bey, published at Lucca, 1864.

"Les Origines du Christianisme d'après la Tradition Catholique."—2. "Les Origines du Christianisme d'après la Critique Rationaliste Contemporaine." Both these works are by M. l'Abbé Em. Castan. The nature of the first is explained by its title. The second is "the refutation of the boldness of contemporary rationalistic criticism, of which the most popular organ is M. Renan." Learned, calm, and dignified in tone, the Abbé treats M. Renan with great fairness; and, while rendering full justice to his eminent talents, criticises him with tact and erudition. "Du Progrès dans ses Rapports avec l'Eglise" is also by the same author, and is written to show the position of the Catholic Church with reference to the great modern idea usually designated by the word "progress." The introduction has an eloquent analysis of the merits and defects of Renan's principles, doctrine, and style. From the "Questions Contemporaines" of the latter a remarkable passage is quoted: "Deism, with all its pretensions to be scientific, is no more so than religion; it is an abstract mythology—but still it is a mythology. It requires miracles. Its God intervening in the affairs of the world does not substantially differ from the God of Joshua, who stayed the sun in his course. We may add that dry, narrow dogmas, having nothing poetic nor traditional, and without possible interpretation, are for the human mind a much more narrow prison than popular mythology. By the standard of Voltaire—Herder, Fichte, and Schleiermacher were not sufficiently orthodox for a professorship of natural religion; they were, simply, excellent theologians."

"Milton: Sa Vie et ses Œuvres, par Edmond de Guerle." This is a remarkable book. Not merely because it is the production of a foreigner upon a subject that but few even of the poet's countrymen have successfully ventured upon, but remarkable for its intrinsic merit. We know of no work in English so satisfactory. The biographies of Milton by Dr. Johnson, Symmons, Newton, Hunter, and others are, none of them, so full and so well digested as this work of M. de Guerle. Much is expected of Mr. Masson's work now in press—"The Life of Milton, in connection with the History of his Time"—and it will doubtless fill a void long left in English literature. When Coleridge was asked in Germany if Klopstock was not a German Milton, he replied: "Yes; very German." But the estimate of the English poet has improved abroad since then. In France, Delille and Chateaubriand have endeavored to translate "Paradise Lost"; Villemain and Quinet have written eloquently upon Milton; Geoffroy has produced an excellent work on his pamphlets, and M. Taine, in his "Histoire de la Littérature Anglaise," presents an elaborate criticism on his great poem. Milton's early life, his foreign travel, his political experience, his theology, are all well and clearly presented by M. de Guerle, and we are struck with his critical discrimination in treating of Milton's pamphlets. Macaulay's extravagant praise is equally applied to all of them when he tells us that they abound with passages compared with which the finest declamations of Burke sink into insignificance; that they are a perfect field of cloth of gold; that the style is stiff with gorgeous embroidery, and that their bursts of devotional and lyric rapture are "a seven-fold chorus of hallelujahs." To the "Areopagitica" M. Guerle gives quite as high praise as Macaulay: "Never have the rights of conscience and of free thought been more nobly asserted; and the ideal of political eloquence is reached at a bound a century before Rousseau." But, on the other hand, he points out the serious defects and blotches of writings which, stained in the muddy waters of his controversy with Du Moulin and Salmastus, sadly offset his grand beauties of style. Of course, our author has the inevitable parallel with Dante. But it is well done, and such a parallel, *ceteris paribus*, is safer in the hands of a Frenchman than of an Italian—say Alfieri—or of an Englishman—say Macaulay. M. Guerle protests against the criticism of his compatriot, Taine, and with justice. Taine says that Milton, in his

painful effort at poetic flight, was not able to rise above the narrow horizon of his own vision: his heaven is a Whitehall of embroidered valets, his God a constitutional monarch presiding at council, clothed in beautiful ermine robe, with a peaked beard, such as Vandyke would have loved to paint, and, above all, dreadfully dull—incomparablement ennuyeux. The Word Creator is a Prince of Wales, whose archangels, thrones, and dominations celebrate his majority in a gala, where we see the Lord Mayor's coach and the beef-eater's wigs. Adam—nice young man, fresh from the University of Oxford—is an assiduous member of the House of Commons; Eve, "une jeune miss anglaise," good housekeeper, who electioneers for her husband among the young country squires, and who leaves the table when dessert comes on and the men begin to talk politics, etc., etc. Of all Milton's creations Satan is the only one who finds favor in M. Taine's eyes, "in spite of his puns and his drill-sergeant amenities." This is not criticism, correctly remarks M. de Guerle—it is parody; and he protests against it accordingly.

Essays on the Progress of Nations. By Ezra C. Seaman. Second Series. (New York: Charles Scribner & Co. 1868. 12mo, pp. 659.)—The first series of this work appeared many years ago. We cannot give the exact date of the event, any more than we can determine the precise line of demarcation between tertiary and post-tertiary deposits. Indeed, there is a sort of geological grandeur in the long and indefinite interval which elapsed after the first series (we had unconsciously written stratum) was finished and before the second series was formed; and this analogy is rendered still more striking by the fossilized character of their contents. As a repertory of statistical information concerning national wealth, population, and productive industry, this volume will be found convenient and valuable; the materials have been collated with evident care, but the arrangement is loose, confused, and repetitious. Much space is also wasted in the reiteration of facts so obvious that to see them gravely put into print is a great trial to the patience. Who wishes or needs to be informed that savages and barbarians have no schools and colleges? or that, by the art of photographing, the likenesses of friends and of distinguished men are taken in large numbers? or to be told twice on the same page and in nearly identical words that the microscope enables us to see things otherwise beyond the power of the human eye to discover? Mahometanism is described, at least a dozen times, as a religion sanctioning polygamy, robbery, slavery, and aggressive and predatory warfare, and it is repeated quite as often that the Koran contains a few theological dogmas but no moral precepts, a statement which is very far from the truth. It seems strange, too, that a religious system which "allows unrestrained sway to the passions and to the lusts of the flesh" (p. 139) should have the effect of "making the Mahometans a sedate and grave people remarkable for their regularity of habits and stability of character" (p. 140). Mr. Seaman's assertion that the Koran simply enjoins frequent prayers without inculcating either love or benevolence, justice or humanity, is not sustained by such citations as the following: "One hour of equity is better than seventy years of devotion;" "To endure and to pardon is the wisdom of life;" "Paradise is prepared for the godly, who give alms in prosperity and adversity, who bridle their anger and forgive men;" and many other admonitions to patience and charity which we have no space to quote. The truth is, Mr. Seaman's sketch of Mahometanism is a commonplace diatribe such as might be found in "Encyclopædias of Religious Knowledge" a century ago, but which gives no real insight into what it purports to describe and would not be endorsed by any Oriental scholar of the present day.

Here we might raise a fundamental question as to the relevancy of much of the material contained in Mr. Seaman's volume. What have the rise and growth of Mahometanism, Judaism, Brahminism, Magianism, Buddhism, and a host of other isms to do with the author's avowed object in preparing this second series, namely, to trace the "great progress made by enlightened and industrial nations" since the "new census," and "to bring the work down to the present time"? In order to understand the events of the last decade, it was not necessary to go back to the deluge or even to the Christian era. If the second series begins with the dawn of history, what period of time did the first series cover? Did it describe the contemporaries of the Lithuanian aurochs whose bones were found in the caves of Bize and Pondres, or was it devoted to *l'homme fossile* of M. Troyon? This superfluous padding certainly mars the symmetry and detracts from the usefulness of Mr. Seaman's book. The author has also a chapter on the races of men, in which he makes a most remarkable exhibition of hobby-horsemanship. The Rosinante on which he sallies forth against the giants of radicalism is—climate. The revelations of Mahomet, the fickle character

of the Saracens, "gambling among Catholic nations," "the fine arts, music, poetry, and eloquence," "concubinage and polygamy," "a tendency to build up an aristocracy," "monopoly of lands," and a hundred other features of national, social, moral, and intellectual life are attributed to the influence of hot climates. The "superiority of the Chinese" over the Hindoos is referred to the same cause (p. 339), although we are told on p. 5 that both India and China are "blessed with pretty good climates." Now, the fact is, that the Hindoos, with a far hotter climate, are as a race far more highly endowed than the Chinese. Their literature, instead of being "of very little value," is superior to that of any Mongolian nation, and shows an inexhaustible vigor and originality unsurpassed by any other branch of the great Indo-European family, to which the inhabitants of India and of England alike belong. Mr. Seaman's classification on p. 176 utterly ignores this kinship. But it is in the section which discusses the "Characteristics of the Negro Race" that he unfolds with the most complete self-satisfaction his theory of climatic influence, and brandishing his foil, as M. Jourdain flourished his *fleuret*, seems to say to his "fanatical" adversary in the words of the illustrious *Bourgeois Gentilhomme*: "*Je te veux faire voir ton impertinence tout à l'heure. Tiens; raison démonstrative!*" Among other things he accuses the colored people of being "particularly subject to the crime of rape." Does this assertion rest upon any better basis than that made a century ago by Schlözer, who discovered in the Jews a peculiar proneness to highway robbery? "The test of experience," to which Mr. Seaman constantly appeals, proves that the above-mentioned crime prevails in communities in proportion not to the shade of color, but to the lack of culture in the population. The statement, too, that the anti-slavery people of the North expected that the President's Emancipation Proclamation would incite the slaves "to kill, slay, and assassinate their masters and their families," and that they were disappointed in this respect because they did not understand the character of the negro, is entirely false. No such results were ever anticipated by the advocates of that measure. On p. 199 an attempt is made to trace the acknowledged vices which afflict society in the Southern States not to slavery, but to "the hot climate." Our author's contempt for the negro is only equalled by his hostility to the Puritan, and he intimates (p. 214) that the intellectual character of the former and the moral character of the latter might be improved by miscegenation.

But we have already devoted more space to Mr. Seaman's book than it intrinsically deserves. To point out all the misrepresentations and sophistries which it contains would require us to give to the criticism of it at least one whole number of the *Nation*. The most useful portions of the volume, and indeed almost the only portions that are free from partisan prejudice, are the statistical tables; and we advise the author henceforth to eschew vain philosophy and stick to the figures, which have a proverbial reputation for never swerving from the truth.

Earth Closets: How to make them and how to use them. By Geo. E. Waring, Jr. (New York: Tribune Association.)—This pamphlet is substantially made up from one issued by the English company which manufactures the patent commode, on the dry-earth principle, invented by the Rev. Mr. Moule. And as the application of this principle in the simple and convenient manner herein described can hardly be overestimated, in an economical or sanitary point of view, Mr. Waring has rendered a very great service in spreading the knowledge of it in this country. We apprehend that the adoption of earth-closets will meet with the greatest hindrance in cities and in farming districts; the first, because water is already in every house and dirt is not easily obtainable or easily dried; the second, because farmers are peculiarly indifferent to the matter in question, and thus, more perhaps than in any other way, are distinguished as less refined—not to say less civilized—than the people of the town. The farmers, however, will undoubtedly take to heart the demonstration of great gains in manure, while townsmen might easily arrange to be supplied with dried earth as with coals, with this difference: that persons could be found to supply the earth and to remove it for no other compensation than the simple enrichment it will have undergone in the meantime. Such an arrangement, if extensively carried out, would save immense outlays for plumbing, and all the annoyance and expense of frozen pipes in winter, as well as reduce the water-rate and effect a very considerable reduction in the water-consumption of a great city. But the sanitary considerations should have even more weight, as they point to an invaluable defence against contagious diseases, the connection, for instance, between cholera and sewers and sinks having been clearly demonstrated. This safeguard small places cannot afford to neglect, and metropolitan boards of health would do well to consider it in-

dispensable and provide for it by enactment. As a beginning, let our schools, hospitals, jails, and other public institutions make the experiment which has proved so entirely satisfactory in England and India, and has done more than anything else to solve the sewage and river-nuisance problems of which we nowadays hear so much. Perhaps we ought to add that where coal-ashes are plenty (and they are generally too plenty), they can be used, whether sifted or unsifted, with nearly the advantage of dried earth.

Saint Paul. By Frederic W. Myers. (New York: A. D. F. Randolph, 1868.)—What may be called the Kingsleyan flavor or the Kingsleyan savor—there is need of as fleshly a word as can be had—pervades all this clever book and makes it disagreeable. Kingsleyan it may be termed, for Mr. Charles Kingsley is the most offensive, at the same time that he is the most noted and most admired, of the writers who exhibit what, by a slight distortion of the phrase, we may call a peculiar carnal-mindedness in religious and all other matters: everything becomes sensual in their hands. To this animalism as a root may be traced easily and directly most of the faults of omission and commission which make him, whether as preacher or writer, to many people the most offensive of all the second-rate living English authors. That he is a writer of considerable power—which he undeniably is—makes the matter all the worse. In this "Saint Paul" Mr. Myers, with an unchaste fervor of language; with a sort of heat and excitement which is noticed in platform speakers when apparently the roll of their own voices warms them up; with much sensuous alliteration and other unintellectual ornamentation—in short, in the Kingsleyan manner—presents us with his view of the great apostle to the Gentiles. We see, not the intellectual disciple, the trained reasoner spinning creeds out of the simple system his Master taught, but a Paul in raptures, and agonies, and ecstasies, hot and cold, faint with love and with grief and with yearning for souls and with sorrow for his sins, and again full of a courage and fire that seem to be largely physical. That it is all well enough, such as it is, may be seen from a stanza or two that we copy; but it is from the impression got from the whole book that we have chiefly been speaking. Paul is preaching, as indeed is the case throughout:

"God, who at sundry times in manners many
spake to the fathers and is speaking still,
eager to find if ever or if any
souls will obey and hearken to His will:

who that one moment has the least desisted Him
dimly and faintly, hidden and afar,
doth not despise all excellence beside Him,
pleasures and powers that are not and that are:—

ay amid all men bear himself thereafter
smit with a solemn and a sweet surprise,
dumb to their scorn and turning on their laughter
only the dominance of earnest eyes?—

God, who whatever frenzy of our fretting
vexes sad life to spoil and to destroy,
lendeth an hour for peace and for forgetting,
setteth in pain the jewel of his joy:—

I am persuaded that no thing shall sunder
us from the love that saveth us from sin,
lift it or lose hereover or hereunder,
pluck it hereout or strangle it herein."

The device of beginning the lines with a small letter is of Mr. Myers's invention, and is intended, we suppose, to help to convey the impression of the rush and fervor of the apostle's feelings and thoughts—an end which it seems to answer.

Hymns, by Francis Turner Palgrave. (New York: A. D. F. Randolph, 1868.)—We should suppose that this little volume might add two or three or perhaps more to the hymns which may be said or sung in the family and sung in church. There is a child's hymn which might very well be added to the small store that mothers now can teach their children, and the "Christus Consolator," the "Day-Star," "A Litany," and the "Garden of God," would enrich any hymn-book that we now have, or, we dare say, any future hymn-book, except one a good deal smaller than any that is likely to come into existence. This is not saying anything concerning the hymns before us considered as poetry, which we suppose they are not. But they are the work of a highly accomplished writer. The final poem, which is not a hymn, but a piece of "anti-science" verse, in the metre of Empedocles's monologue in Mr. Arnold's poem, is extremely unsatisfactory.

Gloverson and his Silent Partners. By Ralph Keeler. (Boston: Lee & Shepard. 1869.)—Mr. Keeler's book gives evidence that its author is a man of some reading and cultivation, and that having undertaken the volunteer duty of writing a story of California life, he has endeavored to do it with such honesty and fidelity as lay in his power. But his story only adds another to the already deplorably long list of thin and worthless American novels. It is not to be gainsaid that there is a certain truth to nature in his attempts at characterization. Just such vapid, empty, colorless people are, doubtless, to be met with in every corner of the habitable earth; but to paint them with no ulterior end in view, to relieve them by no contrast with something better worth delineating, reveals a certain sympathy on the part of the artist—a sympathy not conscious, perhaps, but ineradicable—which is not pleasant to contemplate. Among painters there is a saying, that all the portraits a man paints, no matter how strong the resemblance they bear to their subjects, have also a more or less perceptible likeness to the painter himself. The same thing holds in books. All novels are, in a sense, autobiographies, and usually their authors are the persons most plainly indicated in their pages. Often enough this is done consciously, the writer using himself as the most available material to work from. Unconsciously, however, he reveals himself quite as fully, as much by

negation as by definition. The glimpse of life he gives his reader shows plainly enough the angle from which he got it. It is not necessary to conclude from reading a novel like this that life in California is absolutely sordid and trivial. One feels persuaded that a writer who possessed himself more fully, who had something definite to say, and was not too much hampered by his reading and an uneasy sense of the conventional way of describing life and character, might make some effective use of it. Mr. Keeler seems to be a clever sort of man, with a certain facility in expressing himself; but we should say that it would neither benefit him nor give much pleasure to any one else for him to continue the career as a novelist which he has unsuccessfully begun in the novel before us.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

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Love me Little, Love me Long. (Fields, Osgood & Co.) 1 00
Thomas (J. J.), *The American Fruit Culturist*, 2d ed. (Wm. Wood & Co.)
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OF THE

New York Life Insurance Company,

OFFICE, 112 AND 114 BROADWAY.

JANUARY 1, 1869.

Amount of Net Cash Assets, Jan. 1, 1868..	\$8,774,336 01
Amount of Premiums received during 1868	\$3,912,130 07
Amount of Interest received and accrued, including premium on gold, etc.....	766,144 13— 4,678,280 20
Total.....	\$13,452,606 21
DISBURSEMENTS.	
Paid Losses by Death.....	\$741,043 22
Paid Annuities and for surrendered and cancelled Policies.	135,863 45
Paid Dividends to Policy-holders.....	1,225,865 26
Paid Commissions and Agency Expenses.....	493,714 73
Paid Advertising, Physicians' Fees, and Reinsurances.....	76,978 87
Paid Salaries, Printing, Office, and Law Expenses.....	130,558 64
Paid Taxes and Internal Revenue Stamps.....	35,107 00— 2,889,131 76
Total.....	\$10,613,474 45

ASSETS.	
Cash on hand, in Bank and in Trust Company.....	\$307,351 51
Invested in United States stocks—cost.....	2,978,907 40
(Market value, \$3,154,808 75.)	
Invested in New York City Bank stocks.....	41,549 00
(Market value, \$47,862.)	
Invested in New York State stocks.....	947,856 43
(Market value, \$991,070.)	
Invested in other stocks.....	210,579 60
(Market value, \$222,500.)	
Loans on demand, secured by United States and other stocks.....	408,100 00
(Market value of securities, \$505,745 50.)	
Real estate.....	875,806 59
(Market value, \$1,038,806 59.)	
Bonds and mortgages.....	2,389,900 00
Secured by real estate, valued at over \$5,000,000 (buildings thereon insured for \$2,055,700, and the policies assigned to the Company as additional collateral security.)	
Loans on existing Policies.....	1,257,735 63
Quarterly and semi-annual premiums, due subsequent to Jan. 1, 1869.....	475,066 07
Interest accrued to Jan. 1, 1869.....	60,449 44
Rents accrued to Jan. 1, 1869.....	2,357 76
Premiums in hands of agents and in course of transmission.....	564,784 35— 10,613,474 45
Add excess of market value of investments over costs.....	387,348 15
Cash assets Jan. 1, 1869.....	\$11,000,822 60

LIABILITIES OF THE COMPANY.

Amount of Adjusted Losses due subsequent to Jan. 1, 1869.....

MORRIS FRANKLIN, President.

WILLIAM H. BEERS, Vice-President and Actuary.

THEODORE M. BANTA, Cashier.
CORNELIUS R. BOGERT, M.D., { Medical Examiners.
GEORGE WILKES, M.D., {
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CAPITAL, - - - - - \$3,000,000

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Assets January 1, 1869, - - - - - \$5,150,931 71
Liabilities, - - - - - 289,553 98

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Amount of Reported Losses awaiting proofs, etc.....	18,700 00
Amount reserved for reinsurance on existing Policies: (\$86,397,710 10 Participating Insurance at four per cent. Carliale, net premiums.	
\$1,047,434 65 Non-participating at five per cent. Carliale, net premiums).....	8,473,584 08
Return Premium 1868, and prior thereto, payable during the year.....	737,115 40— 9,311,640 43

Divisible Surplus - - - \$1,689,282 17

DURING THE YEAR 9,105 NEW POLICIES HAVE BEEN ISSUED, ENSURING \$30,765,947 67.

THE BOARD OF TRUSTEES HAS DIRECTED the redemption, on and after the first Monday in March next, of the last and only outstanding Scrip Dividend (that of 1867), and from the Undivided Surplus of \$1,689,282 17 they have declared a CASH DIVIDEND, available on settlement of next annual premium, to each participating policy proportioned to its contribution to surplus. Dividends not used in settlement of premiums will be added to the policy.

By order of the Board.

WILLIAM H. BEERS, Vice-President and Actuary.

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